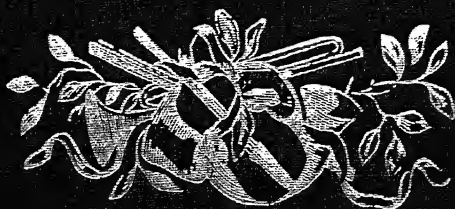


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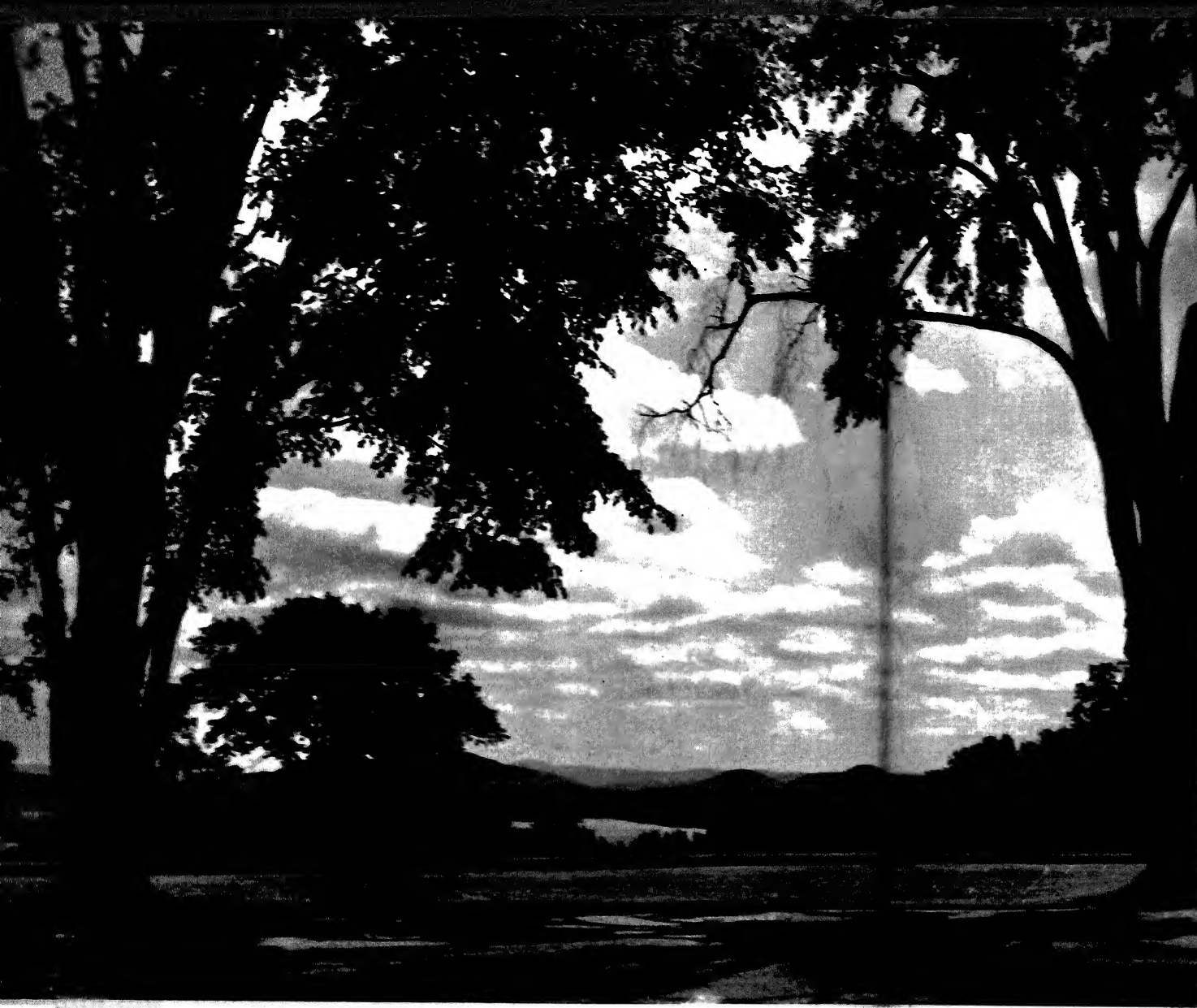
This edition of five hundred copies of

THE TALE OF TANGLEWOOD

has been especially bound for

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Tale of Tanglewood



The Tale of Tanglewood

SCENE OF THE
BERKSHIRE
MUSIC FESTIVALS

M. A. DeWolfe Howe

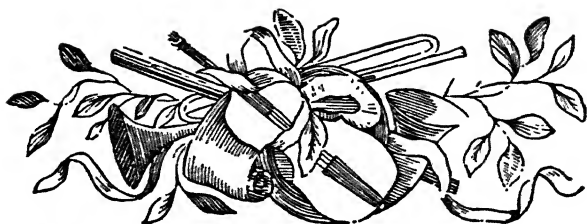
WITH AN
INTRODUCTION BY
SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

TANGLEWOOD ELMS AND LAWN

Overlooking the Stockbridge Bowl and Berkshire Hills. Photograph by Richard Davis.

The Vanguard Press · New York

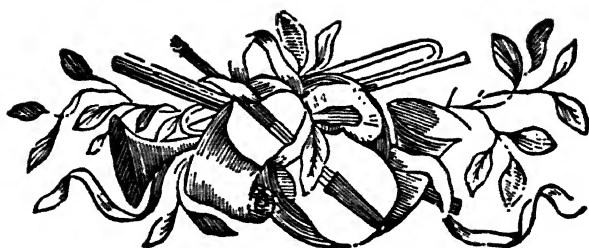
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entirely different family." This was a prophecy. When, in 1937, Tanglewood became the home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, its family spread and multiplied, gathering countless members from every part and every state of this vast country—and from far beyond. Legendary Tanglewood grew overnight into a living Center of Music, where "Orpheus, striking his harp, sang a song of triumph." * Thus the vision of Hawthorne came to life.

Little did I think that my own early dream of a Music and Art Center in Moscow, in the heart of Russia, would find its realization in the heart of New England a quarter of a century later. Indeed, miracles cannot be accounted for.

The story of Tanglewood, however, is by no means completed—its future chapters are yet to be told. In 1938 I attempted to describe its soaring theme in a statement in which I said that the Berkshire Music Festival was "the first step" toward the ultimate goal: "The establishment of a great Music and Art Center." For the "rapid growth of American culture dictates its necessity as a historical mission and as a perennial contribution of America to art and culture." And as it was further outlined, "this great Music and Art Center has to be the Creative Musical Center, where the greatest living composers will teach the art of composition; the greatest virtuosi, the art of perfect per-

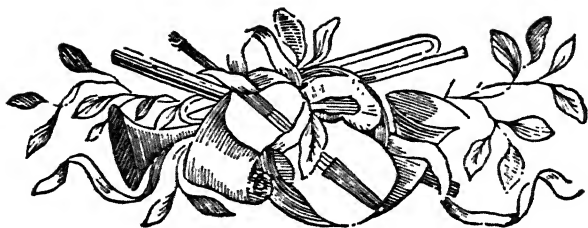
* *Tanglewood Tales.*

formance; the greatest conductors, the mystery of conducting orchestras and choruses. The most eminent thinkers and scholars will lecture there. A free co-operation of such an élite will certainly result in a creation of new and great values of art; in the radiation of the beams of culture over a nation and over the whole world; and, finally, in the education and training of a new generation of American artists."

But whatever the future may hold for Tanglewood, its historic mission was largely fulfilled in our war-torn world during the tragic years of 1940-41-42.

While cultural and artistic institutions in Europe crumbled one by one under the fierce assault and total devastation of the most cruel of all wars, here, on the fertile soil of New England, American thought and art blossomed; we were witnessing a new outburst and flowering of youthful forces, creating in Tanglewood a music center of unsurpassed significance. Many of those eager, inspired, and gifted youths were soon to face the brutality of battle. Yet their lives were enriched by a new experience, a memory to treasure and preserve: To them, Tanglewood remained a temple of pure beauty, a living hope, a beacon in the night.

Lenox, September, 1945



PROLOGUE

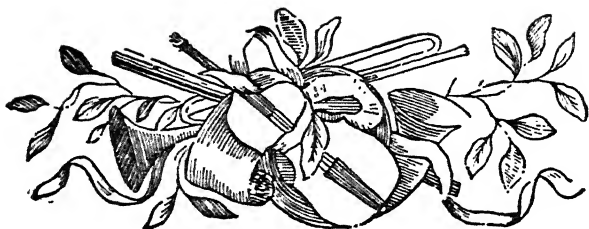
*I*T WAS MORE than thirty years ago, in the Christmas season of 1913, that Henry Lee Higginson suggested my writing a book that should tell the story of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This I proceeded at once to do, and in the following August, the fateful August of 1914, reported to the father of the Boston Orchestra that the book was finished. He was so disheartened by the outbreak of the war in Europe that, as I have written elsewhere, he looked at my manuscript and exclaimed, "We had better drop the whole thing. By the time this book can be published there may not be an Orchestra to write about." A few months later, the Orchestra still being there, the book was published. The Orchestra is still there.

Here now is a later, smaller book—I might almost call it a sequel to the earlier. One circumstance relating to

both suggests a parallel between them. War hovered over the origin of each. In the second instance it was actually raging when the book was begun. Again it might have been said that before it could be published the Berkshire Symphonic Festival, with which it is so largely concerned, might be a thing of the past. War had indeed silenced the Festival, and any account of it might prove merely an epitaph. Why write the book at all? Such would have been the counsel of timidity. It was never the counsel of a confidence now confirmed.

Though the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in the previous wartime, suffered no interruptions of its concerts, there was an anxious period of transition from an old order to a new. Two Frenchmen, Rabaud and Monteux, followed the German, Muck, in the conductorship. They in turn were followed by the Russian, Serge Koussevitzky, now for twenty-two continuous years director of the Orchestra—a term far exceeding that of any of his predecessors and identifying him more intimately with the organization than any of them. As a Trustee of the Orchestra for even a longer period, beginning twenty-eight years ago in the dark days of transition, I may surely be permitted to bear witness to the debt which the Orchestra, its own community, and the country at large owe to this flaming son of music, who is also a son of Russia and thereby peculiarly entitled to gratitude.

Any allusion to my own relation with the Orchestra would be superfluous but for one fact. This is that, having been in a position to observe at close range the progress of an older musical institution, with prospects far less bright at times than they are today, I have no misgivings with regard to the Berkshire Symphonic Festivals, built within a single decade upon foundations of a structure that is bound to endure. Faith in the best of good music as an essential element in a ripening civilization, devotion to it as to any great cause, the encouragement that flows from the constant growth of an eagerly responsive public, the fortunate possession of an ideal spot for the practice of a beautiful art—under these stars of promise the Festivals have made their great beginning. Even before their interruption by a global upheaval they were established as an institution of nationwide appeal and value. Who can question that they will flourish increasingly as the years go on?



TANGLEWOOD ITSELF

THE WORD "Tanglewood" has two vivid associations in the mind of the American public. The first is with Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*; the second, with a series of Music Festivals conducted in recent summers by Serge Koussevitzky at the country-place that bears the same name. For a time the exigencies of war put a positive veto on any such lavish indulgence in travel by automobile as the Festivals had hitherto demanded. Now it is not amiss to think of Tanglewood in the recent, remote, and intermediate past. Thus one may realize its extraordinary fitness to become the home of the Muses it has recently been, and must continue, in these happier days, to be.

First of all, let us recall two thunderstorms in Berkshire County. They occurred at an interval of eighty-seven years, and each had memorable consequences. The first

marked the beginning of a friendship between two men, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Herman Melville. The second occurred at the place which, as we shall see, owed its name of Tanglewood to Hawthorne.

It was in the summer of 1850 that Melville and Hawthorne, meeting as strangers to each other on a picnic party near Stockbridge, were driven by a violent thunderstorm—according to a persistent legend—to seek refuge together in a crevice of the rocks of Monument Mountain. Neither had yet made a full discovery of the other as a great writer, and Hawthorne in particular was extremely wary of strangers; but there they were, face to face, in close quarters, exquisitely adapted to the breaking down of reserves. There were two hours of it, and when the romancers emerged, they had laid the basis for a rapidly ensuing intimacy.

In the summer of 1937, the Berkshire Symphonic Festival, which for several years had been presenting orchestral music of a high order in outdoor concerts, was held for the first time on the grounds of Tanglewood. A great tent had been erected for the occasion. On the night of August 12, during the performance of an all-Wagner programme, the second thunderstorm broke, and the floods descended on the tent top with such a roar that all the brasses of Wagner could not prevail against it, and the music had to come to a full stop. This became known as

the "\$100,000 thunderstorm." It added a dramatic emphasis to Dr. Koussevitzky's insistence that a building must be provided for the Festival Concerts. Subscriptions for the purpose were started on the spot, and before the evening was over \$20,000 had been pledged. Before another summer, the vast Music Shed in which Festival Concerts were given for the five succeeding seasons was built. Now the heavens may rage, even with such an attempt at timing as was exhibited on August 13, 1939, when the audience was held in suspense by the lively competition between claps of thunder and the orchestra on its way to the resounding crash of Sindbad's ship on the rock in *Scheherazade*. But the storm of 1937 had done its perfect work, and now nothing short of a state of war can interrupt the concerts of the Music Shed. Meanwhile the name of Tanglewood has acquired a new national significance.

To return to the thunderstorm of 1850. What was Hawthorne, of Salem and Concord, doing in the Lenox neighborhood at that time? Why does the word Tanglewood carry us back to the Tappan family, to which the estate so called belonged for more than eighty years, and to Hawthorne, who for some eighteen months rented and occupied a little red cottage on the place? To those and a few related questions I have been seeking the answers.

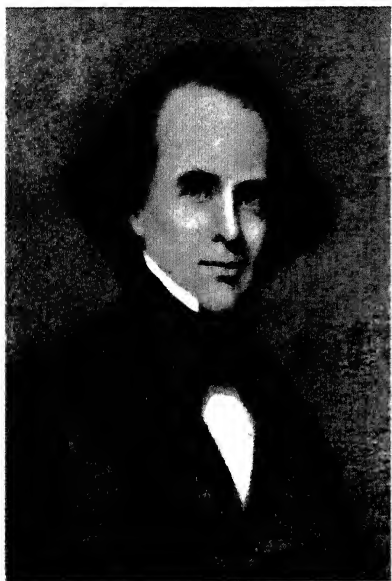
The Scarlet Letter, Hawthorne's first book to achieve

general popularity, had appeared in March of 1850. The strain of writing it and of his personal circumstances at the time in Salem had depleted his strength and spirits. His friends felt, and he agreed with them, that a thorough change of scene was desirable. His own inclination was to remain near the seacoast, but he had visited Berkshire County before his marriage and now saw the advantages it might hold not only as a place of recuperation for himself but also as a haven for his wife and two small children. In October, 1849, he had visited the region as a house-hunter. His *American Notebooks* records that on the twenty-third of that month he went by rail from Boston to Pittsfield—“where arrived at about 4 o’clock P.M. Thence to Lenox & Mr. Ward’s, arriving at 5 o’clock or thereabouts. Thursday rode about with Mr. Ward in search of a house &c. Friday forenoon do.do. with Mr. Tappan.” Then he returned to Boston.

The “Mr. Ward” he mentions was Samuel Gray Ward, American representative of Baring Brothers of London, friend of Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and a host of others in the intellectual and social world of his time. He was a pioneer summer resident of Lenox, and is not to be confused, as he has sometimes been, with Samuel Ward, “King of the Lobby.” As a friend of Hawthorne’s, he had called on him at the Old Manse in Concord with Margaret Fuller seven years before.

In later years Ward and the novelist were fellow members of the Saturday Club—at which the shy and silent Hawthorne impressed the elder Henry James as one with the look of “a rogue who suddenly finds himself in a company of detectives.” James then imagined him “going home to his Concord den to fall on his knees and ask his Heavenly Father why it was that an owl couldn’t remain an owl, and not be forced into the diversions of a canary.”

If there was anything of the canary in Hawthorne, Ward was a man to bring it out. But what of “Mr. Tappan?” This was William Aspinwall Tappan, one of three Massachusetts brothers who had become prosperous and influential, in New York and Ohio, in business and politics, in anti-slavery, missionary, and generally philanthropic enterprises. Into all of these the country gentleman who is our present concern did not enter. He and his young wife were living in 1850 at Highwood, an estate laid out five years before by Samuel G. Ward and now for many years owned and occupied by the Bullard family. On land which the Tappans owned adjoining the Highwood place, and nearer to the site of the house they were later to name Tanglewood, stood the Red Cottage—bearing for Hawthorne the semblance of a *Scarlet Letter*—which was his home from the early summer of 1850 to November of 1851. He came to it with his wife and two children, and left it



**NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
IN 1852**

From a portrait painted by G. P. A.
Healy for President Pierce, now
belonging to Miss Susan Hawthorne
Pierce, Hillsboro, N. H.



**HERMAN MELVILLE
IN 1852**

From a photograph taken in Pitts-
field. By permission of Mrs. Eleanor
Melville Metcalf



TANGLEWOOD NEIGHBORS

A Bullard family group at Highwood. From a painting in the early 1870's, by Miss Ellen Tappan (later Mrs. Dixey) of Tanglewood

with a third child, his daughter Rose. There, also, two children of his brain, *The House of the Seven Gables* and *A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys*, came into being. The sojourn at Lenox was brief and fruitful. Is it worth noting, by the way, that the cottage was not really in Lenox but just over the line in Stockbridge?

What, then, of Tanglewood, especially as a place name? It was a word of Hawthorne's coining, which was bestowed upon the Tappan place after *A Wonder-Book*, with its Tanglewood background, and the *Tanglewood Tales*, which followed it immediately, created both a local habitation and a name. Readers of these books will recall their scheme. A student at Williams College, Eustace Bright, gathers about him in a country-place called Tanglewood a company of fancifully named children—Primrose, Periwinkle, Squash-Blossom, and the like—and tells them the stories of classic mythology which have been the delight of successive generations of children for nearly a century. The house and situation are described with particulars that identify it closely with the Tappans' Highwood. It would be tedious to produce, as one might, from the *Notebooks* and letters of Hawthorne and the letters of his wife, an array of details establishing this point. Let one suffice. In the summer of 1851 Mrs. Hawthorne wrote to her mother: "On Sunday Mr. Samuel G. Ward came to see us. He gave me an excellent drawing of Highwood Porch,

for *A Wonder-Book*, which he said he had asked Burrill Curtis to draw. We have sent it to Mr. Fields." At the very end of *A Wonder-Book* Hawthorne himself made Eustace Bright say of the stories he had been telling that "Mr. Fields . . . will see their uncommon merit at a glance. He will get them illustrated, I hope, by Billings, and will bring them before the world under the very best of auspices." So it was; for Hammatt Billings, Boston architect and illustrator, did produce the charming pictures which adorned the first edition of the book. The frontispiece may well have been based upon Burrill Curtis's drawing of Highwood Porch, none other than the "Tanglewood Porch" on which the first page of *A Wonder-Book* sets the scene of the stories.

Hawthorne's word Tanglewood is still to be accounted for. He had been in the Red Cottage only a few months, delighting in the beauty of Stockbridge Bowl—a name bestowed on Lake Mahkeenac by Catherine M. Sedgwick—and feasting his eyes and spirit on the more distant prospect of Monument Mountain and the Dome, when he wrote (October 16) in his *Notebooks* a passage filled with the charm which could infuse his prose:

"There is a glen between our house and the lake, through which winds a little brook with pools, and tiny waterfalls over the great roots of trees. The glen is deep and narrow, and filled with trees; so that, in the summer,

it is all a dense shadow of obscurity. Now, the foliage of the trees being almost entirely a golden yellow, instead of being full of shadow, the glen is absolutely full of sun-



TANGLEWOOD PORCH

Frontispiece drawn by Billings for the first edition of *A Wonder-Book*

shine, and its depths are more brilliant than the open plain or the mountain-tops. The trees are sunshine, and many of their golden leaves being freshly fallen, the glen is

strewn with sunshine, amid which winds and gurgles the bright, dark little brook."

More than fifty years later, in 1903, when Hawthorne's son Julian published *Hawthorne and His Circle*, he described this very glen and wrote, "To Tanglewood, *as we called it*,"—the italics for present emphasis—"at all seasons of the year came Hawthorne and his wife and children." This name, which is now so familiar, taken as a descriptive epithet for the spot pictured in the Hawthorne *Notebooks*, was itself a bit of artistic creation.

"Here is our little red shanty," said Mrs. Hawthorne one day to a young painter who was illustrating *The Scarlet Letter*. Lifting his hat, the visitor exclaimed, "The temple of art and the Muses"—a prophecy, one likes to think, of all that Tanglewood was yet to mean.

Besides the master of Highwood, there was its mistress, Mrs. Tappan, born Caroline Sturgis, a "character" in her own right. She was a daughter of William Sturgis, a Cape Cod boy who had commanded a ship in the Pacific at nineteen, fought a winning fight with pirates at Macao, and later amassed a considerable fortune as one of the most successful of Boston merchants in the China trade. Through his other daughters he was the progenitor of many bearers of the names of Lothrop, Bigelow, and Hooper—including Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow and Mrs. Henry Adams. In Caroline Sturgis there were creative

gifts, expressed, early and late, in verse and drawing. So much was she of what was called "the Newness" in the 1840's that she had relations of intimate friendship with Margaret Fuller, and Emerson, and was counted by them a valuable contributor of poetry to their transcendentalist magazine *The Dial*. Most of the poetry it contained, with the exception of Emerson's "Wood-Notes" and a few other poems by him, have gone the way of Caroline Sturgis's—to oblivion. There remains, for her earlier years, one claim to distinction, in that she was a member, though not for many months, of the Brook Farm community. If she encountered Hawthorne there, I have come upon no record of the fact. At Lenox, when he was preparing to write *The Blithedale Romance*, it was Mrs. Tappan who lent him the works of Fourier, to promote this undertaking. "Fourier's works, also, in a series of horribly tedious volumes," wrote Hawthorne in his story of Brook Farm, "attracted a good deal of my attention, from the analogy I could not but recognize between his system and our own."

Only a few years later, Emerson wrote to Henry James, Sr., that owing to "the extreme destitution of books under which that country [the Lenox neighborhood] is suffering" he was lending two volumes of Sainte-Beuve to Mrs. Tappan. "If in their hunger," he went on, "they do not devour paper and binding and all, they will presently come to

me, and, in good time, to you again." In spite of this poverty, Mrs. Tappan is seen again as a purveyor of books to Hawthorne—lending him the first volume of *Pendennis* in the summer of 1851.

A letter from Mrs. Tappan to Mrs. Hawthorne had encouraged the occupancy of the Red Cottage in the first place. Another letter of Mrs. Tappan's, found among the Tappan Papers in the Harvard College Library, touches upon Hawthorne as a neighbor. It was written on a July Sunday—of 1850 or 1851—and was addressed to "Dear Job." "The other day," Mrs. Tappan wrote, "I went into the woods to walk ten minutes and found T. G. Appleton's card in my work-basket on my return. Mr. Hawthorne said he met him going away and Tom thought I would be very sorry to have lost his visit. Mr. H. said he had his 'wife?' with him. I told him Tom had no wife, but perhaps she was to be so. He answered, 'No, he would not marry her, unless he had already done so,' which I thought told a history."

Still another letter may be mentioned: a letter from Hawthorne to Mrs. Tappan, which appears in Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's *Memories of Hawthorne*. It was called forth by Mrs. Tappan's objecting to the free use the Hawthorne family were making of the fruit from the trees on the grounds of the Red Cottage. The letter was a masterpiece of polite defense of a tenant's rights, and elicited

from Mr. Tappan an equally polite recognition of these rights. If a visitor to the public library nearest to Tanglewood finds that the pages which contained Hawthorne's letter to Mrs. Tappan are missing from that library's copy of the *Memories*, let him look elsewhere, reflecting upon loyalties to local reputations.

Among the many memorials of Brook Farm there is a book, Margaret Dwight's *Letters from Brook Farm, 1844-1847*, in which an accomplishment of a Miss Parsons is set forth at length. This consisted in holding a letter in her hand and, without looking at the writing, describing the character of the writer. Whether acquired at Brook Farm or elsewhere, this was a practice to which Mrs. Tappan was much addicted. In one of the surviving blankbooks containing her "Characters," the following sentences form a part of what she once wrote about Henry Adams, her nephew by marriage: "The man here portrayed holds himself aloof. His normal state is that of the elemental warfare of man with work. He wishes to be a force, a living force, and yet he takes no part in life's high destiny. He sits like a mountain, aside. . . . Advanced in thought, knowing and strong, he sees clearly, he acts mildly. . . . He cannot act—he sets himself before himself as the universe." Could it have been that out of the corner of her eye Mrs. Tappan caught a glimpse of Henry Adams's unmistakable handwriting?

In any case, the Tanglewood of the Tappans was a place where books and interesting minds and independent thinking were at home. "I remember," Emerson wrote to Mrs. Tappan in later life, "you were such an impatient blasphemer, however musically, against the adamantine identities in your youth, that you should take your turn of resignation now, and be a preacher of peace, but there is a little raising of the eyebrow, now and then, in the most passive acceptance,—if of an intellectual turn." Mrs. Tappan, in fact, was hardly one to take her turn of resignation, and Emerson himself might have approved of one declaration of personal independence which tradition ascribes to her. This was her sitting on Sunday mornings at a front window of her Boston house that faced the Common on the slope of Beacon Hill, presenting to her well-conducted friends, as they passed by on their way to King's Chapel, the spectacle of a little old lady, in revolt against a cherished convention of her day, vigorously sewing—on the Day of Rest!

Mrs. Tappan has carried us far from Hawthorne and the Tanglewood of his time. As we come back to them, it must be to note that romance and reality were thoroughly blended in the record of the Hawthornes' stay in Lenox. In the letters of Mrs. Hawthorne, their cottage seems a bower of classic beauty, as any habitation shared with her adored husband was likely to appear in her eyes. Both he

and she appreciated and enjoyed to the full all that the lake and mountains, the changing seasons, the whole encompassing scene, showed them through their windows and unrolled before them as they stirred abroad. Hawthorne, however, missed the sea, wearied himself by long mornings of prodigious work at his desk, and indulged in bursts of wrath against his situation. "This is a horrible, horrible, most horrible climate. One knows not, for ten minutes together, whether he is too cool or too warm. . . . I detest it! I detest it!! I detest it!!! I hate Berkshire with my whole soul, and would joyfully see its mountains laid flat!" So he wrote in his *Notebooks* on one of the "Twenty Days" when he and the five-year-old Julian lacked the comforting presence of Mrs. Hawthorne. Even of the house which she found, or made, so charming he wrote, before leaving it, "This is certainly the most inconvenient and wretched little hovel that I ever put my head in." Less violently Hawthorne wrote to Longfellow in May of 1851: "I am comfortable here, and as happy as a mortal can be; but sometimes my Soul gets into a ferment, as it were, and becomes troublous and bubbulous with too much quiet and rest." He needed "to smell the sea breeze and dock mud," he declared, "and to tread pavements."

How could Hawthorne be incessantly happy anywhere? Of course, there were diatribes and there were counter-vailing expressions of delight in his surroundings. With

his children he was at his best, and with at least one friend, Herman Melville. Both his son Julian and his daughter Rose (drawing upon her mother's letters) have written in detail about the family life at Lenox, and a more enchanting father can hardly be found in all the annals of childhood. Such a playmate—telling them to close their eyes till he should call to them, and then calling from a treetop to which he had climbed like a squirrel—such a storyteller, such a nature-lover, fisherman, and boatman!—it was no wonder that Julian exclaimed during one of the occasional absences of his father, "Oh, dear, I feel as if I were alone on a great mountain, without Papa!"

Hawthorne himself would always have preferred solitude on a mountain to much society. He is said to have been seen leaping a wall in Lenox to avoid some pedestrians he could not otherwise escape. From within the radius of a few miles, especially in the summer months, the best of society would come to him, even if he would not seek it. Sedgwicks, both of Lenox and of Stockbridge, were year-round neighbors of constant kindness. Longfellow, visiting his wife's Gold relations in the Pittsfield house with the old clock on its stairs, sought him out. Holmes, on his ancestral acres of Canoe Meadow in Pittsfield, would ride up on his horse and, departing, exclaim when he saw Hawthorne standing at its head, "Is there another man in all America who ever had so great an

honor as to have the author of *The Scarlet Letter* hold his horse!" Or it might be Fanny Kemble, on her black charger, stopping for emphatic talk, galloping off with a small boy on the pommel of her saddle and returning to hold him out at arms' length and exclaim, as if behind footlights, "Take your boy!—Julian the Apostate!" Then there was G. P. R. James, the "Solitary Horseman" of English fiction, who, instead of appearing in that capacity, took refuge one day in the Red Cottage with his wife and sheaf of children, dripping from still another Berkshire thunderstorm. For Hawthorne there were people enough, and to spare.

It was in the thunderstorm of August 5, 1850, that Hawthorne encountered the truly congenial spirit of the time and place. In the *Literary World* of August 17 and 24 there was a continued article, "Hawthorne and his Mosses, by a Virginian Spending July in Vermont," in which the author, none other than Herman Melville, declared, "I never saw the man." This statement may have been as figurative as the "Virginian . . . in Vermont"—or, as seems more likely, the article may have been written before August 5. At the time of their meeting in the crevice of the rocks on Monument Mountain, Hawthorne, of course, could not have read this article, and it is hard to believe that Melville could have refrained from mentioning it. Hawthorne was not yet used to such praise as it show-

ered upon him. Melville had but recently made his first real discovery of Shakespeare, and to Shakespeare he did not scruple to liken Hawthorne. "Not a very great deal more," he wrote, "and Nathaniel were verily William," and, as if in rebuttal of Sydney Smith, he declared, "The day will come when you shall say, Who reads a book by an Englishman that is a modern?" No wonder that Hawthorne warmed to this stranger, a grandson, by the way, of the Major Thomas Melville immortalized by Oliver Wendell Holmes in "The Last Leaf"—a New England bond of which Hawthorne may well have been unaware at the time.

Two days after the meeting on Monument Mountain, Melville with others called on Hawthorne at the Red Cottage, drank champagne, and walked to the lake. From that time forth, the meetings with Melville, who lived only a few miles away at his Arrowhead farm in Pittsfield, were frequent and intimate. Melville would appear, sometimes on horseback, once at least in the guise of a Spanish cavalier, often with his large black Newfoundland dog; and on horse or dog he would give "the old man" or "the little gentleman," as Hawthorne in his diary called his son Julian, a ride in which the boy took a terrified delight. Melville told his stories of the South Seas with such zest and reality that once after his departure Mrs. Hawthorne began looking for a club which had figured in a tale of

his adventure. There was an evening visit, of which Hawthorne wrote: "Melville and I had a talk about time and eternity, things of this world and of the next, and books and publishers, and all possible and impossible matters, that lasted well into the night." When Melville stayed for the whole night, one can only imagine how far and wide the talk must have ranged.

At this very time Hawthorne was writing his *House of the Seven Gables*, and Melville, not more than half a dozen miles away, was writing *Moby-Dick*. They must have had many things to say to each other. When Melville, the more outgoing of the two, could not talk he wrote, in long letters with whole-hearted admiration of Hawthorne and his genius. "I shall leave the world, I feel," said one of these letters, "with more satisfaction for having come to know you. Knowing you persuades me more than the Bible of our immortality."

There are no traces of any such declarations of the reticent Hawthorne to Melville. When Lewis Mumford, however, holds Hawthorne up to obloquy for having displayed in his "Ethan Brand," a story of "The Unpardonable Sin," a reflection of Ahab in *Moby-Dick* and of Melville himself, he did not foresee how clearly it could now be shown that "Ethan Brand" was both written and first printed before Hawthorne and Melville met, and, of course, before *Moby-Dick* was published. Mr. Mumford

quotes a passage from "Ethan Brand," as "echoing Melville's words," and adds, "We do not know when Melville discovered these words or felt their jagged edges in his bosom." A letter from Melville to Hawthorne in Julian Hawthorne's book about his parents refers directly to this first reading, with admiration on Melville's part—an echo, if any there were, in reverse. When all is said and done, there remains Melville's dedication of *Moby-Dick*, to be read in every copy of the book: "In Token of my Admiration for His Genius, this book is inscribed to Nathaniel Hawthorne."

The extraordinary thing is that two of the kings of American fiction were producing masterpieces, one his greatest, the other a book second only to *The Scarlet Letter*, at the same time and virtually in the same place. And it was at Tanglewood that their minds and spirits met with the greatest frequency and intimacy.

Well might the little Red Cottage have been called "the temple of art and the Muses." It stood for some forty years after Hawthorne left it, and then was burned to the ground. Since 1929 a commemorative bronze tablet, and nothing more, has marked its site. Recognizing the national significance of Tanglewood, the National Federation of Music Clubs has now offered to the Boston Symphony Orchestra an exact reproduction of the Red Cottage.

Through the years following Hawthorne's brief occupancy of the house, the Tanglewood estate harbored a family life holding a relationship with the Muses to which few such places can lay claim. Few of their chatelaines are blest with the interests which were paramount with Mrs. Tappan. When her elder daughter, Ellen, married a professional musician, Richard C. Dixey, the interest of music was added to that of the other arts which had flourished there. A few years before his marriage in 1875 he was making a place for himself as a concert pianist in Boston, and in 1872 was the moving spirit in giving to the local public its first taste of *Lohengrin*, through a concert rendering of much of its music, with himself at one of the two pianos. Some drawings of *Lohengrin* made by Ellen Tappan before she had ever seen the opera were early tokens of a bond of sympathy between her and Richard Dixey. When he and his wife came into possession of Tanglewood, a large music room was added to the house, which became more than ever a focus of hospitality—with Paderewski among those who enjoyed it. To Richard Dixey, moreover, much of the credit for the Tanglewood gardens and hemlock hedges is due.

As a seat of the Muses, Tanglewood through much of its past has obviously been allied more with letters than with music. For its first half century—roughly the latter half of the nineteenth—the writer's art seemed a little more

impressive than any other to respectable Americans. Even to become a writer was almost as dubious in the eyes of many parents as to become a fiddler. Such painters and architects as there were made their way against many barricades. For encouragement and instruction the artist, especially outside the field of writing, had to look to Europe. The schools, museums, and other agencies in America now fostering the arts simply did not exist, excepting here and there, in forms that have come to seem rudimentary.

Not until the fourth and fifth decade of our own century has Tanglewood emerged from the limits of private enjoyment into the ampler place of a public possession. Here one might find the starting point for a discussion of art and democracy. Let us proceed, rather, with specific attention to music in the Berkshires.

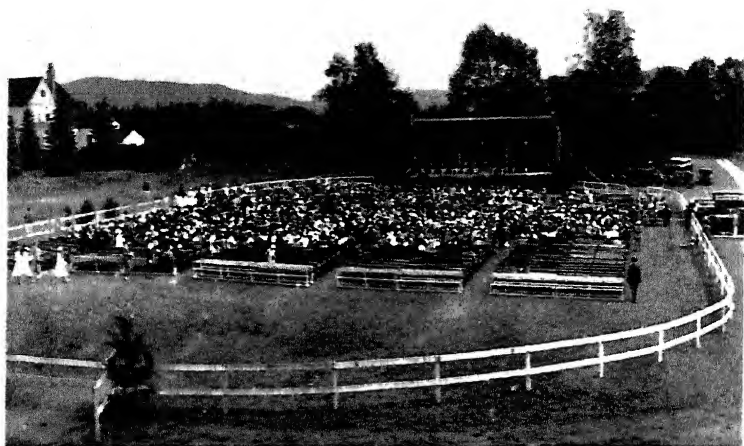


MRS. COOLIDGE

Bronze relief portrait at South Mountain Temple of Music, Pittsfield, by Henry Hudson Kitson. Photograph by the *Berkshire Evening Eagle*



HENRY HADLEY



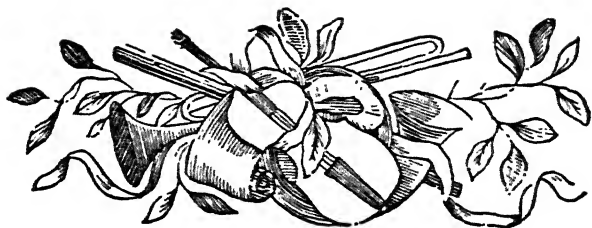
SCENE OF THE FIRST FESTIVALS

The Dan Hanna Farm horse-ring



UNDER THE TENT AT TANGLEWOOD

Photographs by the *Berkshire Evening Eagle*



B E R K S H I R E F E S T I V A L S

*W*HEN SAMUEL F. SMITH wrote "My Country, 'tis of thee" more than a hundred years ago, the line "I love thy rocks and rills," expressed an obviously natural sentiment of the time, and it is by no means outdated today. The next line, "Thy woods and templed hills," ended with a flight of the imagination into the future, now the present. There were then few templed hills for Smith—any Smith—to love, unless the slopes of a village street with a white meetinghouse topped by a heaven-pointing belfry could claim the designation. The literalist may even ask how many there are today. If he does not take "templed" too literally, he will find them in considerable numbers—hills adorned with colleges, churches, institutions of one sort and another—even water towers, built with and without a thought of beauty added to utility.

There are hills and hills throughout America, but none in which the processes of civilization have been longer and more fruitfully at work than the Berkshire Hills of Western Massachusetts. Williamstown, for instance, gave an early example of what the temples of education could do in partnership with hills. South of it, below Pittsfield, lie Lenox and Stockbridge, towns in which the arts, both of letters and of living, have long been cultivated, not always so manifestly to the eye as to the spirit. Two temples in this region, a smaller and a larger, are to be seen and also felt.

The smaller, the "Temple of Music," at South Mountain in Pittsfield, on the Lenox side of the city, frankly defines itself. The second, on the place called "Tanglewood," where Lenox and Stockbridge meet, bears the more prosaic name of a "Music Shed," but it is none the less a temple—and a temple of music. The first, erected in 1918, antedates the second by twenty years, for it was not until 1938 that the Tanglewood Music Shed, a huge structure of unique design meeting a unique function, came into being as the scene of the Berkshire Symphonic Festivals, to which the Berkshire Music Center has been joined. Here in recent years both the professional, whether arriving or arrived, and the amateur of music have enjoyed experiences of extraordinary pleasure and profit.

Any retrospect upon all this in which one may indulge

must be carried back of the Symphonic Festivals, to include the earlier contributions of Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge and the South Mountain Association, established by her, to the cause of music in the Berkshires—and in America.

Neither Pittsfield nor Stockbridge can claim the place of a pioneer in the field of summer festivals of music. These have been of two types—the privately and the publicly supported, the undertaking of an individual and of a community. A festival of the first type, the Norfolk (Connecticut) Music Festival, was established by Carl Stoeckel and his wife as early as 1899. Here, as later at South Mountain, attendance was by invitation. In the second respect the Bethlehem (Pennsylvania) Bach Choir, which gave its first festival in 1900, was a conspicuous forerunner of the Berkshire Symphonic Festival, in that it was open to a ticket-buying public. In all these enterprises it is a notable fact that the initiative and sustained activity of women have borne an important part. *Dux femina facti*—and when one looks at all closely at music in the Berkshires, it is clear that Mrs. Coolidge holds a unique place as the planter of the seed from which the great tree of music-consciousness in that mountain region has grown.

Mrs. Coolidge, born Elizabeth Penn Sprague, at Chicago, is the widow of Frederic Shurtleff Coolidge, a Bos-

ton born and trained physician, who settled at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1906, after ill health forced his retirement from a medical career in Chicago. She is herself an accomplished musician, and, as a pianist, together with her son Albert Sprague Coolidge, with viola, has taken part in the concerts she has founded. Her husband died in 1915. Thenceforth the sharing of her interest in music and the promotion, especially, of the cause of chamber music have set an extraordinary example of intelligent benefaction, both in America and in Europe. It began with Sunday afternoon concerts in the music room of her Pittsfield house, "Upway Field," on West Street, which has become, through her gift, a home for crippled children. As early as 1916 she established the Berkshire String Quartette and in 1918 the Elshuco Trio, named for the opening letters of *Elizabeth*, *Shurtleff*, and *Coolidge*. It was in 1918 that the first Berkshire Festival of Chamber Music was held at South Mountain. Twenty years later, in 1938, after a few intermissions, the Tenth Festival occurred. The names of such artists as Hugo Kortschak and Willem Willeke appear in the programmes of both festivals. The names of Willeke and Samuel Gardner, both members of the Elshuco Trio, speak for a definite link between the earlier and later day of chamber music. Each of them was a member of the Kneisel Quartette. Franz Kneisel, at whose invitation Willeke came from Vienna

to the United States, was for many years concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was through the encouragement of its founder, Henry L. Higginson, that Kneisel bore his memorable part in creating the taste for chamber music in America. Nearly sixty years ago Kneisel himself had come from Vienna to Boston at Gericke's invitation on Higginson's behalf. Thus a torch is passed from generation to generation.

In Mrs. Coolidge's hand the torch began to shine most brightly when the first Berkshire Festival of Chamber Music was held at South Mountain in September, 1918. Here she had built her Temple of Music, a white wooden structure with six long French windows, and with pews from an old church in Nashua, New Hampshire, for seats. Near it several cottages with fanciful names, and a rehearsal hall, were built for the use of the assembled musicians, including pupils. For seven consecutive years, and then at less regular intervals, the Festivals at South Mountain went on. Now for nearly twenty years the Coolidge Foundation of the Library of Congress may be said to have entered the national field through the series of chamber music festivals of concerts in the auditorium presented to the National Library by Mrs. Coolidge in connection with her Foundation. Both to Pittsfield and to Washington she has brought the most accomplished performers of such music not only in America but from abroad—Lon-

don, Budapest, Berlin, Rome. Nor has the performance been all. The encouragement of composers to enter the chamber-music competitions of her sponsorship has stimulated creative musicians to high endeavor with rewards not merely artistic. When a bas-relief portrait bust of Mrs. Coolidge was placed by her admirers in the Temple of Music in 1928, there could have been no more accurate designation of its original than the words it bore: "The Fairy Godmother of Chamber Music."

This is but a bare outline of what Mrs. Coolidge has done here in America for the cause near to her heart. Her musical benefactions in Europe are not even suggested. The Berkshires are the present concern of these pages, and we must not wander too far afield. The immediate point I would make is that through the enlightened generosity of Mrs. Coolidge the Berkshires began to be regarded, especially by the small circle of the elect in music-minded Americans, as the very place in summer where the ministrations of the best music as an essential element in a fully rounded life might be found. It is therefore not at all surprising that when the Berkshire Symphonic Festival—more ambitious in scale and aim than the South Mountain Association—came into being in 1934, Mrs. Coolidge was chosen as its Honorary President. The wheel has turned full circle, and for the first time, in the summer of 1946, the Berkshire Festival of Chamber

Music is included in the programme of the Festival at Tanglewood.

When the time and the place and the chosen person all come together, something is bound to happen. Summer, the Berkshires, and Henry Hadley, composer and conductor, were the trio involved in the beginnings of the Berkshire Symphonic Festivals. The story runs that, during a visit to Stockbridge, Hadley confessed to a cherished ambition—to conduct a symphony orchestra out of doors, under a sky full of stars, in the shadow of great hills. “In fact,” so the story goes on, to put words in his mouth, “why not right here in the Berkshires?”

There must have been some encouragement to turn this idea into a reality, for in May, 1934, an emissary of Hadley’s came to Pittsfield and received a piece of fruitful advice—namely, to call upon two ladies of Stockbridge, Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith and Mrs. Owen Johnson, and seek their interest in the conductor’s project. The response of these ladies, together with Mrs. William Fulton Barrett of Great Barrington, was cordial and immediately effective. In the month of June there were preliminary discussions of the subject and a meeting with representatives of all the towns and villages in Berkshire County at Miss Robinson Smith’s house in Stockbridge. Some inertia and scepticism had to be overcome, for, of course, there were those who thought the expense and

trouble attaching to symphony concerts far from any large city were insuperable obstacles. It was here that energy and contagious enthusiasm, especially in Miss Robinson Smith, came into play. She inspired others with her own confidence that the project was no mere holiday affair, for the benefit of summer residents and visitors, but a community enterprise. Everybody was to be involved. In large and small towns, some two hundred in the county, with a local representative of the project in each, choral training was planned for the long winter evenings. The Pittsfield Chamber of Commerce endorsed the movement for its commercial importance as well as its artistic value. The varied advantages of a Festival were pointed out to property-holders, hotel and transportation interests, even to the unemployed. Local newspapers, service clubs, civic organizations throughout the county added their efforts to those of the small group with which the movement began. From this very beginning the *Berkshire Evening Eagle* of Pittsfield gave the enterprise its unstinted, unceasing, and most effective support. A few liberal friends of music pledged themselves to meet the limited deficit which a Festival seemed to foreshadow—and faith was justified of its children, for on Thursday afternoon, Saturday afternoon, and Sunday evening, August 23, 25, and 26, 1934, the first Symphonic Festival in the Berkshires was held at Stockbridge, and that

with but a small demand upon the financial guarantors.

The scene of this first festival was the horse-show ring of the Dan Hanna Farm at Interlaken, in the township of Stockbridge—a ring of smaller dimensions than that in which Dan Hanna's father, Mark, exhibited McKinley before his election as President. Henry Hadley had assembled and trained an orchestra of sixty-five players from the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society. Residents of Stockbridge, Lenox, and Lee provided funds for building the stage and benches, with the help of Emergency Relief workers. Under local planning and execution a plywood shell was erected, with excellent acoustic results. The benches and boxes provided sittings for two thousand, and the total attendance of the three concerts was about five thousand.

The occasion, to judge from the newspapers of the time, was not without its humors. "Provision for everything," said one chronicler, "has been made except, possibly, for the distant but luckless chauffeur who fell on his F sharp horn during a passage in D flat major. Neither had the sponsors provided the dog who decided to bay at the moon." A certain casual, friendly quality of it all is suggested by the record of an unexpected addition to the orthodox symphonic programme of the third and last concert, at which Mr. Hadley produced a new "Scherzo Diabolique" of his own recent composition. In this, ac-

cording to his reported words to the audience, he attempted to depict "his impressions of a wild furious ride at an excessive speed from Stockbridge to New Haven to catch a train in the rain and darkness of night. He has employed every possible orchestral device to portray terror and violence in all its degrees." To this the musical reporter added in parentheses, and enigmatically enough, "(Unfortunately he caught the train)." The rhapsodic mood of the press at the time is suggested in a single sentence after the first concert: "In the west the undulating ridge of the vast mountain range, like a prodigious piece of scenery placed by the celestial Stage Director, was suspended from Venus, who proved unequal to the task she undertook, and was early dragged below by the ponderous set."

Humors aside, there was such ample ground for encouragement from both the artistic and the practical outcome of the Festival that steps were taken immediately to put the enterprise on a permanent basis. The few months of one summer had shown what could be done. In the autumn of 1934, after a meeting that chose what proved to be a continuing board of trustees, under the presidency of Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith, the Berkshire Symphonic Festival, Inc., was created, a Massachusetts corporation for purposes defined in its by-laws: "to encourage education in the arts, to organize, conduct,

and support an annual musical festival, to provide opportunities for developing musical and artistic talents, to engage in any other activities that will legitimately aid and foster art. There is no capital stock, and the corporation is not conducted for the purpose of profit but to contribute to the development of art and music."

Here was what is known as a large order, and so long as the world remained free from the denials and dislocations of war the order was filled with steadily increasing largeness. At the beginning its growth could no more have been foreseen than its interruption within a decade by a less tragic form of the same force which had already put a stop to the Salzburgs and Bayreuths of Europe. It was indeed true, as Miss Robinson Smith said at the opening of the fifth season, that if a clairvoyant had predicted in 1934 what had come to pass by 1938 no one would have paid the least attention.

The story of those creative years is a story of vision and hard work, of challenge and response, of personalities and communities. To tell it in any detail would be to produce a substantial book, in which the local and personal elements might well distract attention from the larger, in fact, the national, significance of it all. That is found in the spectacle of results, the showing of what can be done in a short space of time by a few imaginative, courageous, and effective persons. If they espouse a cause, it should

be a cause worth espousing, on civic, artistic, or other grounds. If they need the help of their neighboring public, it must be a public from which some measure of co-operation may be expected. Precisely these conditions existed in the Berkshires, and precisely corresponding results might not have been achievable elsewhere. They are nevertheless results which may well encourage other American communities to rewarding effort.

To return, then, to actual happenings. In 1935 the Festival was held again at the Hanna Farm. Hadley drew on orchestras other than the Philharmonic, raising the number of his players from sixty-five to eighty-five. The audience at the three concerts grew from the five thousand of the first year to eight thousand. A local chorus of three hundred voices appeared for the first time, and also, by way of insurance against rain, a tent with a seating capacity of three thousand. A deluge had soaked the stage and the seats before the final concert, and the tent, foreshadowing an acute need in the future, proved a very sanctuary.

Two years of it had confirmed the confidence of the Berkshire Trustees that their undertaking held possibilities which had only begun to be realized. Accordingly, after a second season, when Hadley's ill health led to his resigning the conductorship, they felt that a permanent orchestra of the highest distinction should be sought. The

principle behind this feeling was highly important. The very best results in orchestral music are to be won only through many rehearsals by musicians long associated with one another. Three concerts a week call for many more than three rehearsals. The summer concerts of a year-round orchestra are the culmination of rehearsals through an entire winter season. The few rehearsals immediately before such concerts are like a student's last review of his lecture notes before a final examination—a process well known to make the difference between merely passing and passing with honors.

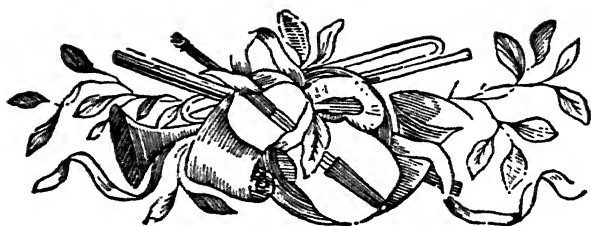
Turning to the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Serge Koussevitzky, the Berkshire Trustees found the Boston Trustees, conductor, and manager, Mr. George E. Judd, so responsive that arrangements were soon made for a third season. For Dr. Koussevitzky the opportunity thus offered proved the first step toward the fulfillment of an early dream, of which more is to be said a little later.

In 1936 the third Festival was held at Mrs. Margaret Emerson's place in Stockbridge, "Holmwood," formerly owned by George Westinghouse, and now—in the general turning of such private establishments to institutional use—the Fox Hollow School for Girls. The great orchestra conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky proved a potent drawing card, and the total attendance at the three concerts rose to nearly fifteen thousand. There was a larger tent,

a reconstructed shell, and there was every indication that the noble art of symphonic music, the form of music for which America in the twentieth century has provided the most congenial climate and fertile soil in all the world, stood ready to offer a fresh enrichment to the artistic life of the country. To this end Dr. Koussevitzky maintained that three concerts in one week of a summer were inadequate, and a schedule of six concerts in two weeks was adopted for the following summer. Then of a sudden a remarkable thing occurred, and the future of the Festivals seemed suffused with a rosy light.

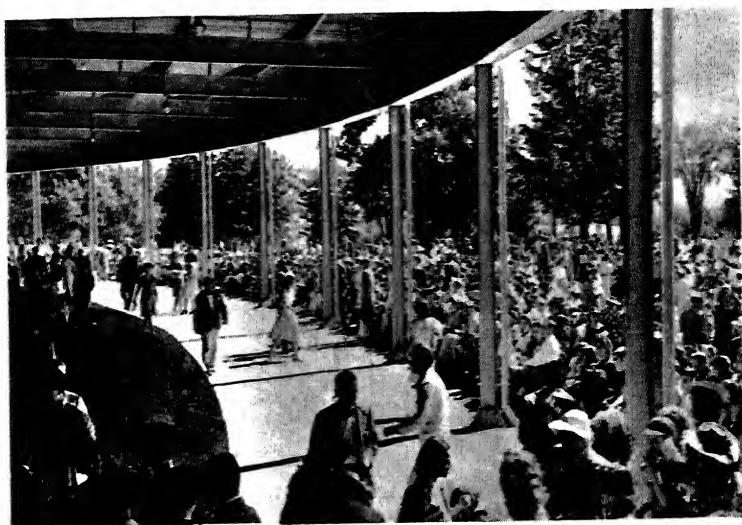
It was in the autumn of 1936 that Mrs. Gorham Brooks, born Rosamund Dixey and now Mrs. Andrew H. Hepburn, joined with her aunt, Miss Mary Aspinwall Tappan, in presenting to the Boston Symphony Orchestra the country place of "Tanglewood," in Stockbridge near the line of Lenox. It is an estate of more than two hundred acres, overlooking and bordering on Lake Mahkeenac, or Stockbridge Bowl. Nearly ninety years earlier, Mrs. Hepburn's grandparents, William Aspinwall and Caroline Sturgis Tappan, had begun, as we have seen, to domesticate this spot of extraordinary natural beauty. The gardens, lawns, and trees, the main house and the outbuildings, the prospects that meet the eye in every direction—all are now joined in forming as perfect a setting for the enjoyment of music out of doors as one could imagine. In what bears

every mark of authentic print I find this simple statement ascribed to Mrs. Hepburn in talk with a friend after a concert in the Symphony Hall of Boston: "As I sat listening to the Symphony concert this afternoon I began to think about the Festival. And suddenly an idea came into my head. 'Why shouldn't I give Tanglewood to the Boston Symphony?'" The gift, promptly offered, was promptly and gratefully accepted. Thus Boston and the Berkshires were brought together in pursuit of a common end—a marriage of nature and art, each in a form that seemed made for the other.



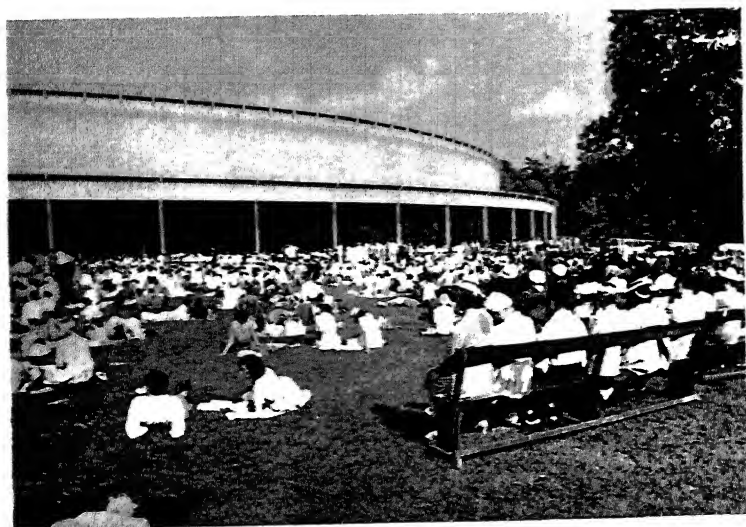
H I G H N O O N O F S U M M E R M U S I C

*M*IDSUMMER and thunderstorms are no more separable than goose and applesauce. Preceding pages have shown what rain has done more than once to concerts of the Berkshire Symphonic Festival. The downpour of August 12, 1937, in the first summer at Tanglewood, while a tent was still the only auditorium, had far-reaching consequences. And what a downpour it was! The tent leaked, and, as one newspaper remarked, "the trombones began to ship water." The effect on more sensitive instruments may be imagined. For the effect on the audience, there is this bit from the *New York Times*: "Expensive gowns and headpieces were ruined. One dignified lady took off her cerise shoes and her stockings and strolled across a muddy field in bare feet." The effect upon Dr. Koussevitzky was



THE SHED AT TANGLEWOOD

Photograph by David Milton Jones



OUTSIDE THE SHED

A portion of the overflow audience. Photograph by Egone



MUSIC CENTER PUPILS: A flutist at practice



Instruction in the double bass. Photographs by Egone

the most important of all. Never again, he declared, would he undertake a Festival season at Stockbridge with only a tent between his orchestra and disaster.

By this time the Festival had assumed an importance which justified Miss Robinson Smith in making the following declaration: "We are building at Tanglewood a festival that is national in scope, and we hope that it will become international in influence and attractiveness. The festival has its base in the Berkshires, but it is already clear that persons from every part of the United States and Canada are making these concerts the hub of their summer plans. It is also clear that we have brought the great masterpieces of music, performed by one of America's outstanding orchestras and conductors, to a new audience in this part of the country. We are not interested in developing a festival that will be confined to the fortunate few who have music available in the winter in New York, Boston, and other major centers. We wish to bring the unifying and healing powers of music to those who cannot hear it otherwise."

It was then that the Trustees of the Berkshire Symphonic Festival undertook and accomplished a remarkable task—the immediate raising of \$80,000 for the building of a suitable auditorium on the grounds of Tanglewood. The planning of this structure was entrusted to Mr. Eliel Saarinen, the Finnish architect of Detroit, with

whom, as with his compatriot Sibelius, it was clear that Dr. Koussevitzky felt a natural affinity. Based upon Mr. Saarinen's designs, the Music Shed achieved a union of function with austere beauty to be seen in its fullness at Buffalo in the Kleinhans Music Hall also designed by him. The gigantic Shed came into being with the speed of magic. The rain that watered its roots fell in August, 1937. In December of that year ground was broken at Tanglewood for the building. In March of 1938 the Bethlehem Steel Company began to deliver the steel for its construction under the direction of Mr. Joseph Franz, at once an engineer and a Trustee of the Berkshire Symphonic Festival. In April the framework was completed, and on August 4 the building was dedicated. It was not one of those creations which look better than they sound. On the contrary, the co-operation in the problem of acoustics between the architect and Professor Richard D. Fay of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was so effective that the following statement could be made with entire honesty in the programme of the first concerts in the Shed: "It is gratifying to be able to report that the most optimistic predictions have been realized. The entire auditorium is free from dead spots, and the reception of the music at every seat is found to be substantially perfect."

On the night of the dedication the acoustics of the

Shed were put to the test not by music only but also by the spoken word. Miss Robinson Smith sketched briefly the history of the Festival, seeking to advance musical culture by individual patronage and support, an operation that must be self-sustaining through the sale of tickets. Mr. Bentley W. Warren, president of the Trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, hinted at a future including a school of music for advanced students of the art and said, in closing his remarks: "The opportunity transcends by far any local limits of Boston and the Berkshires. Happily the music lovers assembled here constitute no merely local audience. Surely many will agree with Dr. Koussevitzky as to the national value of the musical enterprise that he envisions. May not Tanglewood concerts become historic, as forerunners of a great artistic and educational reality—the establishment of an outstanding summer musical center for this country?"

Here was the Festival in its fifth year, with its six concerts instead of the earlier three, with its audiences reaching a total of thirty-eight thousand, drawn from states all over the country and from foreign lands, with representatives of scores of newspapers and magazines in attendance, with a Western Union "Tanglewood" telegraph office on the grounds to handle their copy, with a national broadcasting hookup, winning the recognition to which the gift of an organ by the Carnegie Foundation and special aid,

to be mentioned later, from the Rockefeller Foundation, bore conspicuous witness—the horse-show ring of the Hanna Farm seemed long ago and far away. As four years had preceded this first use of the Tanglewood Shed, so four were to follow. It would be tedious to describe the step-by-step progress of events through these years. In the last two of them a notable extension of the Tanglewood enterprise occurred in the establishment of the Berkshire Music Center, a school conceived and directed by Serge Koussevitzky. Before coming to that let us look at the general Tanglewood scene through these years in which the beauty-loving public of America fell more and more under the spell of art and nature blended in a pattern quite unique.

First of all there was the art of music, and obviously in this lay the central appeal of the Festival. As it was reported day by day to the public, it was chiefly in terms of musical criticism. These pages do not proceed from a music critic or specialist, but merely from a chronicler whose enjoyment of a civilized existence covering a long span of years has been greatly enhanced by listening, as any amateur of music may, to the best that falls within one's hearing. The critics will tell you precisely what Dr. Koussevitzky and the Orchestra which owes so much to his conductorship have done with the great trio of B's, with the Romantics, the Russians, the supreme Finn, and

the contemporaries, European and American. Here it need only be said that the standards and achievements of the orchestra, as it is known in Boston, New York, and other cities, have simply been transferred to Stockbridge. Then, too, there has been the occasional inclusion of choral works, such as the Bach B minor and the Beethoven D major Masses, and soloists, both instrumental and vocal, have played their part in the concerts.

In writing about any institution there is a horrible danger of falling into the House Organ or College Catalogue style, eminently correct and admirably adapted to the marshalling of perfections, yet failing to convey the essence of the matter, which resides, when all is said and done, in personalities. Their concords and their clashes are the very stuff of which an institution is made, and in these days of the candid camera, of open countenances openly arrived at, it would seem an easy matter to write about music in the Berkshires primarily in terms of personalities. Let that, however, be the function of another narrative, not my own. In this place the general picture and the larger results rather than the varied personal agencies of their achievement are the chief concern.

This does not exclude all elements of the picturesque. Look, for example, at the Tanglewood shore of Stockbridge Bowl in the summer of 1939. There would be found tents in which enterprising members of the orches-

tra were camping out, chopping wood, cooking their own meals, and responding after the true woodsman's fashion to the call of the wild. A cellist, you might be told, must not risk his fingers with rough work, since the smallest injury to his fingers would disqualify him. He, on the contrary, could not take too seriously the cutting of a trumpeter's finger, since a bit of sticking-plaster would save the day for him. Only the trumpeter must not eat salted peanuts. On the lighter side also there was Dr. Koussevitzky's annual picnic for members of the orchestra in the Music Shed. It was on this occasion, in 1939, that Dorothy Maynor first gave to a wholly musical assemblage a foretaste of the effect of her voice upon the less instructed public. In the season that followed she appeared at a Festival Concert before the public at large.

Still on the lighter side was the occasion recorded as follows in a newspaper letter from Stockbridge in the summer of 1940: "Just a few days ago the Maestro had a birthday. Forgetful of the occasion, he came to rehearsal to conduct Philip Emmanuel Bach's Concerto and, as he lifted his baton for the opening chord, the band gave out 'Happy Birthday to You.' Apoplexy challenged pleasure at this break in discipline. Graciousness finally won." The correspondent who recorded this informality had an informal—and sprightly—typewriter of her own, for in the same letter to her paper in New York Dr. Kous-

sevitzy himself came in for jaunty comment: "All agree that this reformed bull fiddler is a magnificent conductor. In Boston he is a Grand Seigneur. Blue-blooded plutocrats roll over and play dead at his whim."

Let it be said at once that the unexpected playing of "Happy Birthday to You" proceeded not from the Boston Symphony Orchestra but from an orchestral class in the Berkshire Music Center. In 1940 this school of music was holding its first session. In that same year the number of Festival concerts was increased from six to nine, covering three instead of two weeks. The growth of the Festivals from local to national proportions, proclaimed at first as an object of desire, could not be entirely acceptable to all the residents of Stockbridge and Lenox. There were those who profited by it, after the fashion of the Lenox couple who rented their house in the village to opulent visitors and slept on cots in their own wood-shed. Hotels, "Tourist Homes," shops of all kinds flourished exceedingly. The summer, and a few winter, residents living in the country-places which abound in the neighborhood were glad enough to entertain visiting friends over one or even two week ends, but could hardly be blamed for demurring at the demands of three. Nor could they have been expected to welcome the invasion of alien crowds, afoot and motor-borne, converting their peaceful village streets into traffic problems. The prices of success are

sometimes heavy. In this instance the larger values for which they stood made them worth paying.

To whatever extent a third week of Festival and a summer school of music may have seemed superfluous in certain quarters, they were anything but that; indeed, they were essential in the eyes of Dr. Koussevitzky. For him the extension of the season from two to three weeks was quite as important as the earlier extension from one to two. From the first he saw the enterprise in terms of its possible relation to the artistic life of the whole country and not merely of a single region. From the first, also, he saw that it might hold the fulfilment of an early dream of his own—a dream of his young manhood in Russia where it might have come true but for the outbreak of war in 1914. This was to create an institute or academy—or both—of music, in which young men and women of definite promise in music might receive the training and stimulus that would send them forth, far and wide, as effectual gospelers of art. It was not to be a conservatory or a school of the come-one-come-all variety in which the rudiments of musical art and practice are taught. The prospective, and, later, the actual, students were of two classes—a smaller *corps d'élite*, capable of profiting by the best professional training for careers in music, and a larger body of students, teachers, and others imbued with the amateur spirit and seeking, through a summer of liv-

ing and working in music, to enrich their capacities of lifelong enjoyment. Proceeding from the first class, many students of the Music Center, previously started on their professional careers, are now playing in symphony orchestras throughout the country, and such young conductors as Leonard Bernstein, Thor Johnson, and Lukas Foss have profited by what Tanglewood could and did give them.

For two seasons, 1940 and 1941, the Symphonic Festival and the Music Center flourished side by side, hand in hand. The Festival grew in fame and popularity, to the amazing extent indicated by an attendance of nearly thirteen thousand at the final concert in 1941, and of about ninety-five thousand for the nine concerts of the series. Besides the scheduled concerts there were "Gala Benefits," in which the joined appeal of music and distinguished speakers assembled great audiences, contributing substantial sums of money to wartime causes. Such were some of the tokens of bigness, in contrast with which the Berkshire Music Center seemed hardly more than a still, small voice. All the world knows what such a voice may say.

A statement from Dr. Koussevitzky in the spring of 1940, before the first session of the Music Center, defined its purpose after this wise: "As music takes its increasing place in the life of America, there is a corresponding desire for a broader comprehension of the art. The fulfilment of this desire, for the time being impossible in

Europe, becomes an added obligation in America. It is with all this in mind that the Berkshire Music Center has been established.

"The Center will offer special opportunities to all for the practice and contemplation of music in its noblest aspects. It will bring them into association with the leading artists and scholars of the day. 'Tanglewood' will be a place for those who wish to refresh mind and personality by the experience of the best in music and the related arts, and who long for a creative rest in the summer."

It is only fair to cite in some fullness Dr. Koussevitzky's definition of the general aims of the Center, for it was primarily his conception of what it might be, his enthusiasm for its general purpose, fortified by the sympathy of the late Edward B. Dane, President of the Boston Symphony Trustees, that brought it into being. To the Conductor also must go the credit for its continuance in the summer of 1942, when the condition of war caused the plans for a Festival to be canceled and when the Trustees of the Boston Orchestra, faced with an unexampled deficit in the year to come, reached the reluctant conclusion that they must not assume the financial responsibility of an enterprise for the maintenance of which a most liberal grant, limited to two years, from the Rockefeller Foundation had hitherto been available. Then it was that the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, founded by Dr. Koussevitzky in mem-

ory of his wife, whose death occurred in January of 1942, stepped into the breach by sponsoring a third season for the Center. This symbolic continuance of the partnership with Mme. Koussevitzky in the practical furtherance of musical affairs challenged the conductor to his highest effort. In all the story of Tanglewood there is no brighter episode than that of the creation of an orchestra out of the material found among the instrumental students, young women as well as young men, at the Music Center in 1942. There were three weeks of training before the three weeks of public concerts offered by Dr. Koussevitzky and his student orchestra. When the series began, this was already a good orchestra. In three weeks more it was comparable with the best in many cities.

For this achievement the spirit of the place must receive some credit. It was the spirit of those congenial mates, art and youth. The artist—and to this generalization Dr. Koussevitzky is no exception—has within him, to an extent unmatched in any other class of human beings, a perennial spring of youth. His enthusiasms, his receptiveness to new ideas, remain with him from first to last. Through the possession of these faculties, the students enrolled at the Music Center, averaging roughly three hundred in number, provided the Director of their studies, possessing the same qualities, the very material with which he could work most fruitfully. The student orchestra has

been by no means the only medium for the interchange of spirit. In the orchestral field there were young conductors to be trained, as well as young players. There were, besides, choral and chamber music, composition, opera, and the broad area of "music and culture." For all these departments a large staff was assembled at Tanglewood—and animated by Dr. Koussevitzky—leading players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, artists themselves of virtuoso quality, masters of choral music from Harvard and the Bethlehem Bach Choir, experts in opera from New York, composers, musical scholars, and critics—the names of them all would make a glittering array. In each of the fields represented by this staff eagerly responsive classes have pursued their studies. Of the Boston Symphony players in their faculty, a scholarship holder from a metropolitan school of music was quoted as saying: "Then the men of the Boston Symphony are different. Kind and friendly, they have no feuds. They love music, and they don't live in taxicabs between engagements. The inspiration, the spirit is unbelievable."

Besides the spirit of the place there is the spirit of summer—and summer in an entrancing countryside. The food of picnics notoriously tastes better than any other, and would be the most enjoyable of all if only there were no spiders and no twigs in the sandwiches. So it is with music out of doors. The conditions of enjoying it to the full call

for a closer approach to perfection than they can usually attain. At Tanglewood they touch it—in a Shed protecting the hearer from sun and rain, admitting the breezes of heaven, and so constructed that the music wastes none of its sweetness on the mountain air. At Tanglewood, if anywhere, the lover of music out of doors need fear no likening to the city child, saying his prayers in early June and ending them with a farewell: “Good-by, God, I’m going away for the summer.”

In the dwelling-house and other buildings that were on the Tanglewood place when it was presented to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in the Theatre-Concert and Chamber Music buildings of Mr. Saarinen’s design, given by generous friends of the Orchestra, in the great Shed itself, the sounds from classes and rehearsals filled all the air with beauty. The general scene through a working day—and hard work has been the order of every day—was a spectacle of spirited youth, a promise of individual and collective enrichment of American life.

The Center for the few—the Festival for the multitudes. The crowds that have gathered at Tanglewood in recent years would make a profitable subject of social study. The world of fashion has, of course, been represented. No “society editor” would now write “Tanglefoot” for “Tanglewood,” as a Washington reporter did a few years ago. There have been those, one suspects, who may enjoy

looking at the world of fashion more than listening to music. But this is to speak only of minorities. The audience, drawn from many strata of American life, has been plainly an audience that comes together for music and the love of it. Overflowing the capacity of the Shed, bearing campstools, rugs, and picnic lunches, it spreads itself over the lawns and under the trees, wondering that the acoustics of the place spread so far afield. Automobiles have brought this company from near and far. Youngsters from neighboring camps—the woods are full of them—troop in, wearing their camp colors. Altogether, the low income groups have been definitely in the majority. Midway between audience and artists there has been a small army of ticket-takers, ushers, helpers of every kind—American legionnaires and younger men in various capacities, girls distributing programmes and contributing their emphasis to the pervading accent on youth. These many volunteers to exacting, unpaid work have stood high among the evidences of a community spirit that may well serve for an example throughout the country.

Does all this come to pass without any intrusion of that “profit motive” which is believed essential to so many ventures today? In the multitudes that have flocked to Tanglewood there is certainly an incentive of profit, but not of the sort measured by dollars and cents. Of course, there are those whose standards of profit are all mixed up with

the ideas of the social and artistic credit believed, in the hearts of essential snobs, to result from any close contact with fashion and art. One visit to Tanglewood disabuses the most cynical of any notion that more than a small fraction of the audience is made up of the fashionable and their followers. The faces, the bearing, the attention of the overwhelming majority speak clearly for the nature of the prevailing profit motive. "The show," as Emily Dickinson has it, "is not the show, But them that go"; and here the audience tells a convincing story.

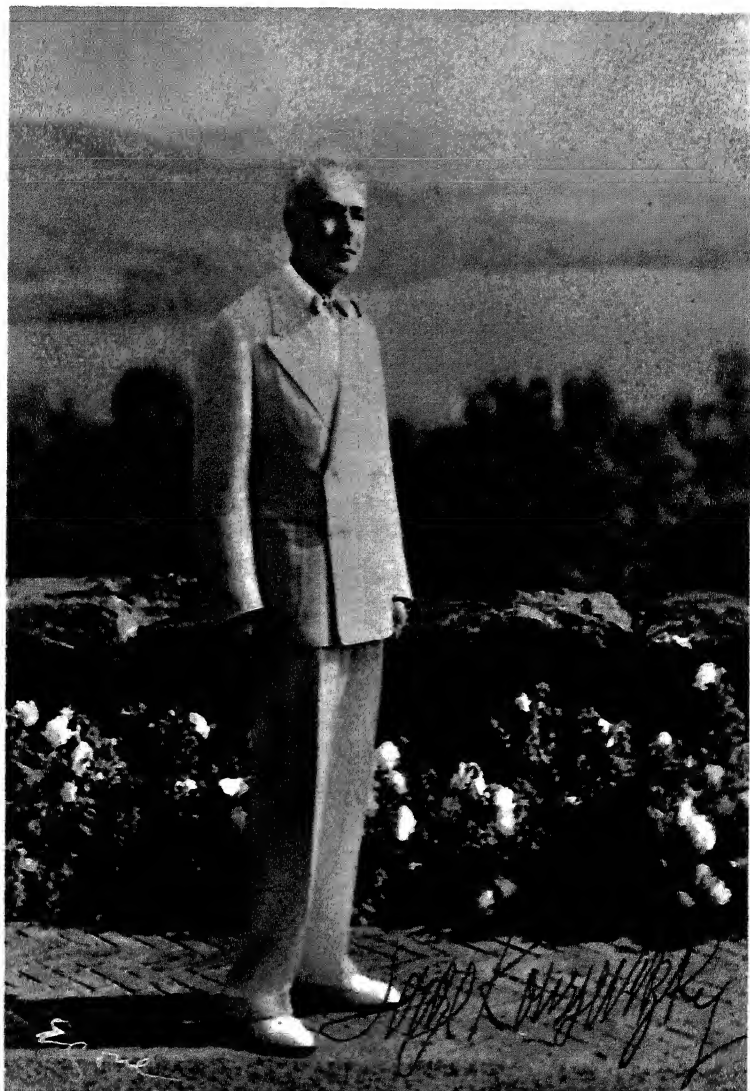
It is none the less obvious that large expenditures and large receipts are involved in the total spectacle. In Mr. Vincent Sheean's book, *Between the Thunder and the Sun*, there is a vivid picture of the Salzburg Festival in its final year of 1937, which was the first year of Tanglewood. For all the artistic rewards then to be found in the Austrian town, there were discords of worldliness and commercialism from which the Berkshires, so far, have happily remained free. Profit there has been, in plenty, but none of it yielding financial gain to persons concerned with the control and destinies of the undertaking. This has not failed to affect the whole atmosphere of Festival and Center.

"A festival in the hills," wrote Mrs. Sylvia Goulston Dreyfus in the summer of 1940, "indicates actual pursuit, for these crowds really travel." For them it is no mere matter

of visiting a concert hall, as one may do in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, but, as Mrs. Dreyfus went on to say, "a journey planned for the vacation time and long anticipated, a forty-mile jaunt from Albany, a thousand-mile trek from New Orleans—in short, a pilgrimage."

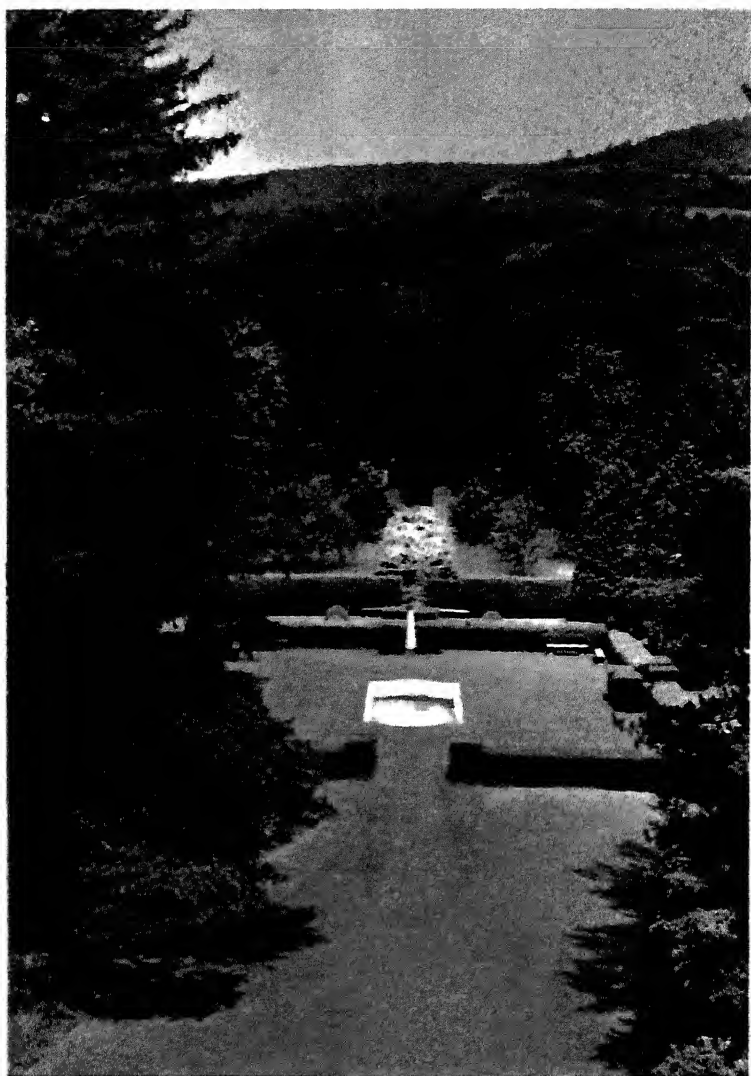
This sensitive observer looked beneath the surface of the scene: "They have a common cause, these people from everywhere. Differences fade away. Antagonisms, social and philosophical, weaken. (Not so their musical disagreements, which wax fierce according to the programmes.) The New Dealer and the hidebound Republican sit side by side and both applaud extravagantly that entrancing composition from Soviet Russia, 'Peter and the Wolf.' No anti-Hitler bias can dim the brilliant underlying charm of Beethoven and Brahms. . . . Seven thousand people, free and friendly, listen together and forget racial, social, religious prejudices in their mutual enjoyment. Surely there is a lesson in this practical demonstration of amity, a Sermon on the Mount to the accompaniment of a great orchestra."

It must be remembered that the art of music could never have brought so many votaries to such a place as Tanglewood without the aid of another art—the art of invention. How could the huge Festival audiences have been assembled without the automobile? And while motive power was imperatively needed overseas, how



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

On the terrace of his house, Seranak, at Lenox. Photograph by Egone



THE TANGLEWOOD GARDEN

View from the roof of the Tanglewood house. Dr. Koussevitzky's house in the hillside background, described by Hawthorne in the "Wonder-Book" as "Bald-Summit." Photograph by David Nillson

long could it carry music lovers into the Berkshires? Certainly not, in large numbers, beyond 1941. In 1942 the Music Center could count on its smaller numbers. Must everything come to an end in 1943? Not quite, for in that summer Dr. Koussevitzky organized a series of concerts in the Lenox Town Hall for the benefit of the Red Cross, and local audiences enjoyed the performances of instrumental and vocal artists of the first order.

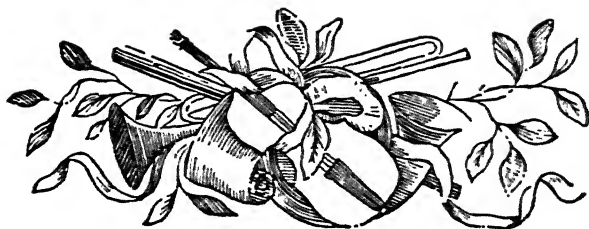
The thread of continuity then ran a little thin, but it was not broken. Neither in 1944 nor in 1945 did general conditions permit a resumption of either the large Festivals or the Music Center. In each of those years, however, there was a smaller undertaking—a Mozart Festival of two summer week ends in 1944, a Bach-Mozart Festival of three, in 1945. For each of these a small orchestra of some forty masters of their several instruments from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with soloists of national distinction, have come to Tanglewood. The Theatre-Concert Hall with seats for more than a thousand has been used for these concerts, and hundreds of other listeners have gathered on the adjacent grounds. After the first week end of the 1945 Festival a highly competent New York critic gave expression to a feeling of more than momentary response when he wrote: "Inaugurated last year with two week ends of all-Mozart programs, these modestly proportioned festivals, originally designed to keep the Tangle-

wood musical tradition alive in wartime, have won for themselves a unique place in our musical life. It is to be hoped that they will become an annual event, for they constitute a project which has great validity over and above their wartime expediency." Now it is good to know that their continuance is assured for the peacetime summer of 1946.

This narrative must not come to an end without an emphatic mention of an occurrence between the seasons of 1945 and 1946. In October of 1945, the Board of the Berkshire Symphonic Festival, which had raised the funds for the building of the Music Shed on land owned by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, voted the most generous gift of this structure to the Orchestra. As if to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the Festivals, the Berkshire board, by this public-spirited action, removed all difficulties that might have attended a dual ownership and administration, and thereby made a contribution to the continuance of the Festivals truly comparable with what it had done for their origin.

Thus the tale of Tanglewood is brought up to the present moment. It would be worth telling if it had to do only with the past. The dark years through which we have just gone would have been darker still were it not that in years to come the story must go on. The curtain seemed

for a time to have fallen, but it was only on the first act. Out of the Tanglewood of the past has grown the Tanglewood of this very day, and of days ahead in which the music of the spheres must come into its own. Here and now Tanglewood is seen to stand as a vital symbol of the maintenance of those very elements of civilization for which the free peoples of the world have won their fight.



FESTIVAL PROGRAMMES

First Berkshire Symphonic Festival

1 9 3 4

AT HANNA FARM, STOCKBRIDGE

BERKSHIRE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

*Composed of 65 members of The New York Philharmonic-
Symphony Society Orchestra*

HENRY HADLEY, *Conductor*

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 23

BERLIOZ Overture, "The Roman Carnival," Op. 9

MENDELSSOHN Nocturne and Scherzo from "A Midsummer
Night's Dream"

DVOŘÁK Largo from the Symphony No. 5, "From the New World,"
Op. 95

STRAUSS "Don Juan," Tone Poem, Op. 20

P R O G R A M M E S

CHABRIER Rhapsody, "España"
RESPIGHI "Pines of Rome," Symphonic Poem
TCHAIKOVSKY Third and fourth movements from the Symphony
No. 4 in F minor, Op. 36

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 25

SMETANA Overture to "The Bartered Bride"
DE FALLA "El amor brujo"
Soloist: Sophie Braslau, Contralto
MACDOWELL "Clair de lune"
POWELL "Nachez of the Hill"
HADLEY "Streets of Pekin," Suite
BIZET "L'Arlésienne," Suite No. 1
DEBUSSY "Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune"
BORODIN Polovetzian Dances from "Prince Igor"

SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 26

WAGNER Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"
A Siegfried Idyll
Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan und Isolde"
BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67

Second Berkshire Symphonic Festival

1 9 3 5

AT HANNA FARM, STOCKBRIDGE

*Composed of 85 members of The New York Philharmonic-
Symphony and other Orchestras*

HENRY HADLEY, *Conductor*

P R O G R A M M E S

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8

BACH-STOCK Fugue in G minor

*WAGNER Chorale from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"
"Awake! The Dawn of Day is Near!"

*BACH Final Chorus from the "St. Matthew Passion"

*MENDELSSOHN Four Excerpts from "Elijah"

"Behold God the Lord Passed By"

"Be Not Afraid" (abridged)

"Lift Thine Eyes" (as 3-part women's chorus)

"And Then Shall Your Light Shine Forth"

*MOUSSORGSKY Coronation Scene from "Boris Godunov"

Baritone solo (Boris): Richard Hale

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 10

DVOŘÁK "Carnaval" Overture, Op. 92

TUTHILL "Bethlehem," Op. 8

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV From the Symphonic Suite "Scheherazade,"
Op. 35, Parts 3 and 4

FRANCK Symphony in D minor

SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 11

WAGNER Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser"

TCHAIKOVSKY Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 1
in B-flat minor, Op. 23

Soloist: Rudolph Ganz

BRAHMS Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

* *By the Berkshire Musical Association.*

P R O G R A M M E S

Third Berkshire Symphonic Festival

1 9 3 6

AT HOLMWOOD

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

THURSDAY EVENING, . AUGUST 13

BACH Chorale Prelude, "Komm Gott, Schöpfer, heiliger Geist"
(Arranged for Orchestra by Arnold Schönberg)

BEETHOVEN Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 7 in A major, Op. 92

SIBELIUS Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 43

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 15

HANDEL "Larghetto e affettuoso," from the Concerto Grosso for
String Orchestra, Op. 6, No. 6, in G minor

MOUSSORGSKY Prelude to "Khovantschina"

DEBUSSY "Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune"

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV Capriccio espagnol, Op. 34

BRAHMS Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73

SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 16

MENDELSSOHN Symphony No. 4 in A major, "Italian," Op. 90

WAGNER Prelude to "Lohengrin"

WAGNER Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"

TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64

P R O G R A M M E S

Fourth Berkshire Symphonic Festival

1 9 3 7

AT TANGLEWOOD

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5

BEETHOVEN Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72a

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 6 in F major, "Pastoral," Op. 68

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 7

MOZART Symphony No. 39 in E-flat major (K. 543)

HILL Sinfonietta for String Orchestra, Op. 40a

RAVEL "Daphnis et Chloé," Ballet: Orchestral Excerpts
(*Second Suite*)

TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 4 in F minor, Op. 36

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 8

SCHUBERT Ballet Music from "Rosamunde," Op. 26

SCHUBERT Symphony No. 8 in B minor, "Unfinished"

STRAVINSKY Suite from "L'Oiseau de feu"

FRANCK Symphony in D minor

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 12

WAGNER Overture to "Rienzi"

WAGNER Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan und Isolde"

P R O G R A M M E S

WAGNER The Ride of the Valkyries from "Die Walküre"

WAGNER Waldweben from "Siegfried"

WAGNER Prelude to "Parsifal"

WAGNER Overture to "Tannhäuser"

(A storm prevented the complete performance of this programme.)

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 14

HAYDN Symphony in G major, No. 88

SIBELIUS Symphony No. 7 (in one movement) in C major,
Op. 105

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV "Scheherazade," Symphonic Suite, Op. 35

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 15

BRAHMS "Academic Festival" Overture, Op. 80

BRAHMS Symphony No. 3 in F major, Op. 90

BRAHMS Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

Fifth Berkshire Symphonic Festival

1 9 3 8

AT TANGLEWOOD

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 4

BACH First Chorus and Chorale from the Cantata, "Ein' feste Burg
ist unser Gott," No. 80

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 9 in D minor, Op. 125

Cecilia Society Chorus (Arthur Fiedler, Conductor)

Jeanette Vreeland, Soprano • Paul Althouse, Tenor

Anna Kaskas, Contralto • Norman Cordon, Bass

P R O G R A M M E S

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 6

- HAYDN Symphony in E-flat major, No. 99
DEBUSSY "La Mer," Three Symphonic Sketches
SIBELIUS Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39
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SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 7

- MOZART "Eine kleine Nachtmusik," Serenade for String Orchestra
(K. 525)
BRAHMS Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98
COPLAND Music for the Theatre
RAVEL "Mother Goose," Five Children's Pieces
RESPIGHI "Pines of Rome," Symphonic Poem
-

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 11

- WAGNER "Die Walküre" (Act 1, Final Scene)
Siegmond: Paul Althouse
Sieglinde: Beal Hober
WAGNER "Siegfried" (Act III complete)
The Wanderer (Wotan): Norman Cordon • Erda: Anna Kaskas
Siegfried: Paul Althouse • Brünnhilde: Beal Hober
-

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 13

- HENRY HADLEY * "Angelus" (Andante tranquillo) from the Sym-
phony No. 3 in B minor, Op. 60
BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 6 in F major, "Pastoral," Op. 68
TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathétique," Op. 74
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* 1871-1937.

P R O G R A M M E S

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 14

SCHUMANN Symphony No. 1 in B-flat major, Op. 38

PROKOFIEFF "Lieutenant Kijé," Suite, Op. 60

BRAHMS Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73

Sixth Berkshire Symphonic Festival

1 9 3 9

AT TANGLEWOOD

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 3

BACH Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G major for String Orchestra
(with the Sinfonia from the Cantata "Christ lag in Todesbanden")

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV "Scheherazade," Symphonic Suite, Op. 35

BRAHMS Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5

PISTON Concerto for Orchestra

SIBELIUS Symphony No. 5 in E-flat major, Op. 82

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 7 in A major, Op. 92

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 6

K.P.E. BACH Concerto in D major for String Instruments

(Arranged for Orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg)

PROKOFIEFF "Peter and the Wolf," an Orchestral Fairy Tale for
Children, Op. 67

Narrator: Richard Hale

TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 4 in F minor, Op. 36

P R O G R A M M E S

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 10

- BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 36
STRAUSS "Also sprach Zarathustra," Tone Poem, Op. 30
MOUSSORGSKY "Pictures at an Exhibition"
(Pianoforte Pieces Arranged for Orchestra by Maurice Ravel)



SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 12

- HAYDN Symphony in B-flat major, No. 102
STRAVINSKY "Le Sacre du printemps" ("The Rite of Spring")
WAGNER Overture to "Der Fliegende Holländer"
WAGNER Prelude to "Lohengrin"
WAGNER Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser"
WAGNER Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"



SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 13

- SCHUMANN Symphony No. 4 in D minor, Op. 120
DEBUSSY "Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune"
RAVEL "La Valse," Choreographic Poem
SIBELIUS Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 43



Seventh Berkshire Symphonic Festival

1 9 4 0

AT TANGLEWOOD

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

P R O G R A M M E S

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 1

- BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 1 in C major, Op. 21
SCHUMANN Symphony No. 1 in B-flat major, Op. 38
SIBELIUS Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39
-

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 3

- BERLIOZ Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Op. 23
STRAUSS "Don Quixote," Tone Poem, Op. 35
Violoncello solo: Gregor Piatigorsky
Viola solo: Jean Lefranc
HARRIS Symphony No. 3 (in one movement)
DEBUSSY "Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune"
RAVEL "Daphnis et Chloé," Ballet: Orchestral Excerpts
(*Second Suite*)
-

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 4

- MOZART Symphony No. 39 in E-flat major (K. 543)
STRAVINSKY Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra
Soloist: Jesús María Sanromá
BRAHMS Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73
-

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8

- BEETHOVEN Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84
BEETHOVEN Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D major, Op. 61
Soloist: Albert Spalding
TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 4 in F minor, Op. 36
-

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 10

- BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 6 in F major, "Pastoral," Op. 68
TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathétique," Op. 74
-

P R O G R A M M E S

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 11

BEETHOVEN Overture, "Coriolanus," Op. 62
BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 4 in B-flat major, Op. 60
TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 15

BACH Mass in B minor
Berkshire Festival Chorus (G. Wallace Woodworth, Conductor)
Elisabeth Schumann, Soprano · William Hain, Tenor
Viola Silva, Mezzo-Soprano · Alexander Kipnis, Bass

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16

ALLIED RELIEF FUND BENEFIT FOR BRITISH AID
Performances by the students of the Berkshire Music Center:

IN THE SHED—THE ORCHESTRA

COPLAND An Outdoor Overture
MOZART "Deh vieni, non tardar" from "The Marriage of Figaro"
Soloist: Rose Dirman
PROKOFIEFF "Lieutenant Kijé" Suite, Op. 60
BERLIOZ Rakóczy March

IN THE THEATRE—THE OPERA DEPARTMENT

VERDI Aïda (Act IV, Scene 1)
SMETANA "The Bartered Bride" (Act II, Scene 4)
WAGNER "Lohengrin" (Act II, Scene 2)
VERDI "Rigoletto" (Act II, Scenes 2 and 3)

IN THE BARN—THE CHORUS AND SECOND ORCHESTRA

HANDEL Chorus from "L'Allegro"
MALIPIERO Finale from "The Last Supper"
HINDEMITH First Chorus from "Das Unaufhörliche"
BLOCH Prelude from Concerto Grosso for Strings with
Piano Obbligato
BACH Concerto for Three Pianos and Strings

P R O G R A M M E S

INTRODUCING THE MANIFESTATION* IN THE SHED

RANDALL THOMPSON "Alleluia"

Festival Chorus (G. Wallace Woodworth, Conductor)

GALA CONCERT IN THE SHED

ELGAR "Pomp and Circumstance" March, No. 1

Combined Boston Symphony and Music Center Orchestras

Serge Koussevitzky, Conducting

HOLST "Jupiter" from "The Planets"

Combined Boston Symphony and Music Center Orchestras

Stanley Chapple, Conducting

SAINT-SAËNS Rondo capriccioso

Soloist: Albert Spalding

MOUSSORGSKY "I Attained the Power" and Hallucination Scene
from "Boris Godunov"

Soloist: Alexander Kipnis

BOCCHERINI Adagio and Rondo from 'Cello Concerto

Soloist: Gregor Piatigorsky

*(Above three numbers by Boston Symphony Orchestra,
Richard Burgin, Conducting)*

BACH Choruses from the Mass in B minor

HANDEL "Hallelujah" Chorus from "The Messiah"

Festival Chorus and Boston Symphony Orchestra

Serge Koussevitzky, Conducting

*Strauss Waltzes by the Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, Conducting,
in the Theatre*

AUGUST 16, 1940

TANGLEWOOD GARDENS

HANDEL Acis and Galatea

Performance by the Opera Department of the Berkshire Music Center

(Produced by Herbert Graf; Conducted by Boris Goldovsky;

Designed by Richard Rychtarik)

* The speakers were Archibald MacLeish, Sir Louis Beale, K.C.M.G., His Excellency Herbert H. Lehman, Governor of New York, and Miss Dorothy Thompson.

P R O G R A M M E S

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 17

PROKOFIEFF "Classical" Symphony, Op. 25

HINDEMITH Symphony, "Mathis der Maler" ("Matthias the Painter")

MOZART Concert Aria, "Bella mia fiamma, addio"

BEETHOVEN "Adelaide"

Soloist: Dorothy Maynor

FAURÉ "Pelléas et Mélisande," Suite from the Stage Music to Maeterlinck's Tragedy, Op. 80

BACH Passacaglia for Organ in C minor

(Arranged for Orchestra by Ottorino Respighi)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 18

HAYDN Symphony in G major, No. 88

SIBELIUS Symphony No. 7 (in one movement) in C major, Op. 105

BRAHMS Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

Eighth Berkshire Symphonic Festival

1 9 4 1

AT TANGLEWOOD

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 31

HAYDN Symphony in G major, No. 88

DEBUSSY Two Nocturnes

DEBUSSY "Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune"

VILLA-LOBOS Chôros No. 10, "Rasga o corafão,"

For Chorus and Orchestra

Chorus of the Berkshire Musical Association, Horace Hunt, Conductor

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67

P R O G R A M M E S

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 2

MENDELSSOHN Symphony No. 4 in A major, "Italian," Op. 90

BEETHOVEN Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72a

SHOSTAKOVITCH Symphony No. 5, Op. 47

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 3

BRAHMS Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98

COPLAND "Quiet City," for Trumpet, English Horn, and Strings

Trumpet: Georges Mager · English Horn: Louis Speyer

HINDEMITH Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra

Soloist: Gregor Piatigorsky

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV Capriccio espagnol, Op. 34

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 7

MOZART Symphony No. 40 in G minor (K. 550)

MOZART Excerpts from the Requiem Mass

(In Commemoration of the 150th Anniversary of Mozart's Death)

Chorus of the Berkshire Musical Association, Horace Hunt, Conductor

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 9

MOZART "Eine kleine Nachtmusik," Serenade for String Orchestra
(K. 525)

BRAHMS Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2 in B-flat major,
Op. 83

Soloist: Leonard Shure

HANSON Symphony No. 2, "Romantic"

WAGNER Prelude to "Lohengrin"

WAGNER Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"

P R O G R A M M E S

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 10

MOZART Symphony No. 39 in E-flat major (K. 543)

DEBUSSY "La Mer," Three Orchestral Sketches

BRAHMS Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

AUGUST 12, 13

THEATRE-CONCERT HALL AT TANGLEWOOD

MOZART "Così fan tutte" (in English)

Performance by the Opera Department of the Berkshire Music Center

(Staged by Herbert Graf; Conducted by Boris Goldovsky;

Designed by Richard Rychtarik)

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 14

HANDEL Concerto for Organ and Orchestra No. 10 in D minor

BEETHOVEN Missa Solemnis in D major, Op. 123

Berkshire Festival Chorus

(G. Wallace Woodworth and Hugh Ross, Conductors)

Rose Dirman, Soprano • John Priebe, Tenor

Hertha Glaz, Contralto • Julius Huehn, Bass

E. Power Biggs, Organ

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15

GALA BENEFIT

(United Service Organizations and British War Relief)

Combined Bands of the 26th Division

Chester Earl Whiting, Chief Bandmaster

250 Players under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky

Performances by the students of the Berkshire Music Center:

IN THE SHED—THE ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

BORODIN Symphony No. 2 in B minor (first movement)

LAMBERT "The Rio Grande," for Chorus, Orchestra, and Solo
Pianoforte

STRAVINSKY "Petrouchka," Suite

P R O G R A M M E S

IN THE THEATRE—THE OPERA DEPARTMENT—SCENES FROM

HUMPERDINCK "Hänsel und Gretel"

VERDI "Otello"

VERDI "Falstaff"

LORTZING "Czar and Carpenter"

IN THE CHAMBER MUSIC HALL

GALINDO Sextet for Wind Instruments

HINDEMITH Harp Sonata

HAYDN String Quartet in G minor (two movements)

INTRODUCING THE MANIFESTATION* IN THE SHED

RANDALL THOMPSON "Alleluia"

Festival Chorus (G. Wallace Woodworth, Conducting)

GALA CONCERT IN THE SHED

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

BEETHOVEN "V Symphony" (Allegro con brio)

Serge Koussevitzky, Conducting

HOLST "Mars, the Bringer of War" and "Venus, the Bringer of Peace" from "The Planets"

Stanley Chapple, Conducting

MENDELSSOHN Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in E minor,
Op. 64

Soloist: Albert Spalding

GIBBONS Madrigal: "The Silver Swan"

WEELKES Madrigal: "Long Live Fair Oriana"

Festival Chorus (Hugh Ross, Conducting)

TCHAIKOVSKY Overture Solennelle, "1812"

*Combined Boston Symphony and Berkshire Music Center Orchestras
and the Bands of the 26th Division, Serge Koussevitzky, Conducting*

* The speakers were Dr. James Phinney Baxter, III, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dr. Lewis Perry, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, and Jerome D. Greene representing the Right Honorable Viscount Halifax, who was unable to be present.

P R O G R A M M E S

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 16

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS A London Symphony

BARBER Concerto for Violin and Orchestra

Soloist: Ruth Posselt

WAGNER Prelude to "Parsifal"

WAGNER Overture to "Tannhäuser"

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 17

SIBELIUS Symphony No. 7 (in one movement) in C major, Op. 105

PROKOFIEFF "Lieutenant Kijé" Suite, Op. 60

TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64

A Festival of Music
by the
Berkshire Music Center

1 9 4 2

AT TANGLEWOOD

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Director and Conductor*

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 1

HAYDN Symphony in G major, No. 88

BEETHOVEN Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72a

SHOSTAKOVITCH Symphony No. 5, Op. 47

P R O G R A M M E S

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 2

(Dedicated to the United States Treasury War Bond Campaign)

SOUSA "Semper Fidelis," March

"The Stars and Stripes Forever," March

TCHAIKOVSKY Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D major, Op. 35

Soloist: Ruth Posselt

FRANCK Symphony in D minor

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8

HANSON Symphony No. 3

MOZART Concerto for Two Pianos in E flat (K. 365)

Soloists: Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff

BRAHMS Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 9

HANDEL Concerto Grosso

MARTINU Concerto for Two Pianos

Soloists: Jesús María Sanromá and Bernard Zighera

TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 4 in F minor, Op. 36

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14

RUSSIAN WAR RELIEF BENEFIT *

Performances by the Orchestra, Opera Department, Instrumental Ensembles, and Madrigal Singers of the Berkshire Music Center

GALA CONCERT

SHOSTAKOVITCH Symphony No. 7, Op. 60

(First Concert Performance in the Western Hemisphere)

Music Center Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor

Recital by Dorothy Maynor, Gregor Piatigorsky, Albert Spalding

* *The speakers were Edward Clark Carter, who also read Dr. Koussevitzky's brief address, and Miss Dorothy Thompson.*

P R O G R A M M E S

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 15

BACH Magnificat in D major

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 9 in D minor, Op. 125

Irma Gonzalez, Soprano • William Hain, Tenor
Lillian Knowles, Contralto • Mack Harrell, Bass-Baritone

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 16

MOZART Symphony No. 25 in G minor (K. 183)

SHOSTAKOVITCH Symphony No. 7, Op. 60

TWO OPERA PERFORMANCES

Nicolai's

"The Merry Wives of Windsor"

(In English)

Friday Evening, August 7

Thursday Evening, August 13

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS

Sunday Evenings, August 2, 9 and 16

Mozart Festival

1 9 4 4

AT TANGLEWOOD THEATER-CONCERT HALL

Directed by SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

with the assistance of members of the

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 29

Symphony No. 29 in A major (K. 201)

Divertimento in B-flat major, for Strings with Two Horns (K. 287)

P R O G R A M M E S

Aria "L'amerò, sarò costante," from "Il Rè pastore" (K. 208)

(*Violin Obbligato: Richard Burgin*)

Recitative and Aria of Pamina from "The Magic Flute" (K. 620)

"Ah, ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden"

Recitative, "Ch'io mi scordi di te," and Rondo, "Non temer" (K. 505)

(*Piano Obbligato: Bernard Zighera*)

Soloist: Dorothy Maynor, Soprano

Symphony No. 34 in C major (K. 338)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 30

Symphony No. 35 in D major, "Haffner" (K. 385)

Concerto in E-flat major for Two Pianos and Orchestra (K. 365)

Soloists: Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff

Overture to "La Clemenza di Tito" (K. 621)

Symphony No. 40 in G minor (K. 550)

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5

Symphony No. 25 in G minor (K. 183)

Concerto No. 4 for Violin and Orchestra in D major (K. 218)

Soloist: Ruth Posselt

Overture to "Idomeneo, Rè di Creta" (K. 366)

Symphony No. 39 in E-flat major (K. 543)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 6

Serenade No. 12 in C minor, for Two Oboes, Two Clarinets, Two Horns,
and Two Bassoons (K. 388)

Concerto No. 26 in D major for Piano and Orchestra,

"Coronation Concerto" (K. 537)

Soloist: Robert Casadesus

"Eine kleine Nachtmusik," Serenade for String Orchestra (K. 525)

Symphony No. 41 in C major, "Jupiter" (K. 551)

P R O G R A M M E S

Bach-Mozart Festival

1 9 4 5

AT TANGLEWOOD THEATER-CONCERT HALL

Directed by SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY
with the assistance of members of the

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 28

BACH Suite No. 4 in D major

MOZART Piano Concerto No. 29 in A major (K. 488)

Soloist: Alexander Brailowsky

MOZART Symphony No. 26 in E-flat major (K. 184)

MOZART Symphony No. 41 in C major, "Jupiter" (K. 551)



SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 29

MOZART Serenade in D major, "Haffner" (K. 250)

BACH Concerto No. 2 in C major for Two Pianos

Soloists: Abram Chasins and Constance Keene

BACH Concerto No. 1 in C minor for Two Pianos

Soloists: Abram Chasins and Constance Keene

MOZART Adagio, Quintet in G minor for Strings (K. 516)

MOZART Symphony No. 31 in D major, "Paris" (K. 297)



SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 4

MOZART Divertimento in B-flat major, for Strings with Two Horns
(K. 287)

BACH Piano Concerto in D minor

Soloist: Alexander Borovsky

P R O G R A M M E S

BACH Piano Concerto in F minor

Soloist: Alexander Borovsky

MOZART Symphony No. 38 in D major, "Prague" (K. 504)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 5

BACH Suite No. 2 in B minor, for Flute and Strings

Soloist: Georges Laurent

BACH Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 in D major,
for Orchestra with Piano, Violin, and Flute

Soloists: Lukas Foss, Richard Burgin, and Georges Laurent

MOZART Adagio and Fugue for String Orchestra (K. 546)

MOZART Symphony No. 40 in G minor (K. 550)

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 11

BACH Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G major, for Violin, Two Flutes,
and String Orchestra

Soloists: Richard Burgin, Georges Laurent, and George Madsen

MOZART Konzertante Sinfonie for Violin and Viola (K. 364)

Violin Solo: William Kroll - Viola Solo: Jascha Veissi

BACH Two Preludes

(Arranged for String Orchestra by Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli)

MOZART Serenade in B-flat major for Wind Instruments (K. 361)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 12

BACH Suite No. 3 in D major

MOZART Piano Concerto in C minor (K. 491)

Soloist: Robert Casadesus

BACH Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G major, for String Orchestra
(with the Sinfonia from the Cantata "Christ lag in Todesbanden")

MOZART Symphony No. 39 in E-flat major (K. 543)

P R O G R A M M E S

Berkshire Festival

1 9 4 6

AT TANGLEWOOD

(Programmes as announced. Subject to change)

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 25

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55

SHOSTAKOVITCH Symphony No. 5, Op. 47

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 27

HAYDN Symphony in B-flat major, No. 102

STRAVINSKY "Petrouchka" Suite

RACHMANINOFF Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2 in
C minor, Op. 18

WAGNER Introduction to Act III, and Prelude,
Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 28

MENDELSSOHN Symphony No. 4 in A major, "Italian," Op. 90

COPLAND Suite from "Appalachian Spring"

SIBELIUS Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 43

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 1

BRAHMS "Tragic" Overture, Op. 81

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 1 in D minor, Op. 15

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

P R O G R A M M E S

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 3

BRAHMS Symphony No. 3 in F major, Op. 90
Rhapsody for Alto Solo, Male Chorus, and Orchestra, Op. 53
Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 4

BRAHMS Variations on a Theme of Haydn's for Orchestra, Op. 56a
Concerto for Violin, Violoncello, and Orchestra in A minor,
"Double," Op. 102
Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8

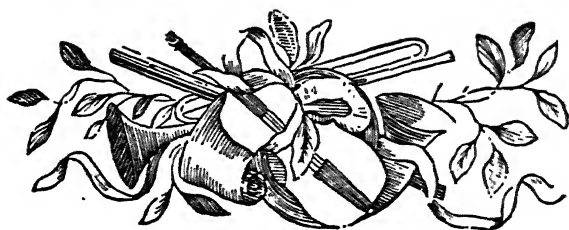
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PROKOFIEFF Symphony No. 5, Op. 100
SCHUMANN Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra in A minor,
Op. 129
STRAUSS "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Tone Poem, Op. 28

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 10

MARTINU Concerto for Violin and Orchestra
BERLIOZ "Fantastic" Symphony, Op. 14

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 11

THOMPSON "The Testament of Freedom" for Men's Voices
with Orchestra
BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 9 in D minor, Op. 125



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